

PLUS: THE GUIDE, THE READER, ● AND REALITY CHECK

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1994 • \$2.00

## TOM CRUISE BITES BACK

Vampire  
or victim?

BY JENNET  
CONANT

**PETE  
HAMILL**

When  
Tyson Met  
Tolstoy

**JOHN  
TAYLOR**

The Demons  
of Sex

**JULIE  
BAUMGOLD**

Ol' Blue Eyes  
and the  
Indians

**TAD  
FRIEND**

River's  
Death,  
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Life

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Esquire

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Features

## Lestat, C'est Moi

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BY JENNET CONANT



Until he got the lead in David Geffen's production of *Interview with the Vampire*, Tom Cruise had a charmed career. Now it seems that all sorts of people—especially author Anne Rice—want to drive a stake through his heart.



## The Lost Daughter

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BY JOHN TAYLOR

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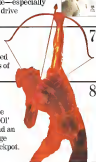
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BY JULIE BAUMGOLD



Welcome to Foxwoods, one of the nation's richest casinos, where Ol' Blue Eyes plays the big room and an Indian tribe that was on the verge of extinction has truly hit the jackpot.

Photographs by Harry Benson



## The Education of Mike Tyson

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BY PETE HANILL

Once he punched men for a living. Now he's hitting the books—Tolstoy, Voltaire, Machiavelli. In a rare interview behind bars, the ex-champ reveals that he's found redemption, and, yes, he will fight again.

## River, with Love and Anger

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BY TAD FRIEND

Even in a town that routinely destroys its young, the death of River Phoenix was hard to reconcile. How could the tormented drug addict who died on a Hollywood sidewalk be that same fallen angel who had been out to heal the world through love and music?



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THE BEAUTY OF IT



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wheel independent double wishbone suspension gives it the responsive rigidity you demand of a performance automobile. And it has the safety features, such as driver's and front

passenger's air bags, you would expect from a car of this caliber. Which can be a beautiful thing in itself. **SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE.**



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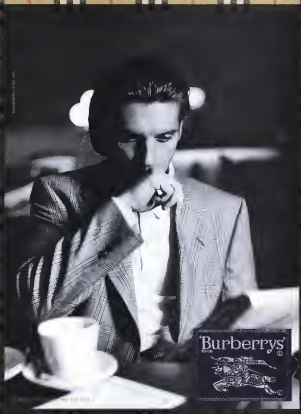
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—Kenneth Cole

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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### Death of a Sailor

CHRISTOPHER BROWN'S "The Accidental Martyr" (December 1999) is brilliant. In a former life in the U.S. military, I reviewed investigations and processed female and male military suspected and accused of homosexual tendencies, words, and deeds, and I prosecuted and defended military persons accused of homosexual acts violating the uniform code of military justice. As a civilian, Chris Brown has clearly defined the human tragedy of each of the principals in this case, and his diligence in pursuing every aspect in this complex story is even more impressive in the face of the Department of Defense's not-so-subtle obstructions.

—GEORGE GOODWIN  
Dallas, Tex.



CHRISTOPHER BROWN'S account of Allen Schindler's death left me angry because the Navy wants to absolve the murderer into the same closet of shame they expect gays and lesbians to remain in. And I'm depressed because Schindler was just beginning to live his life with honesty and was beaten to death for it.

—G. SCOTT CORSON  
San Francisco, Calif.

THE DEATH of Allen Schindler was a tragedy that could have been prevented. The command of the ship was the strangle. When I applied for an honorable discharge, none of the officers and enlisted men made comments to me such as "Who cares if you're gay?" "You're not having problems with anyone," and "We're a family on this ship." Three days after my request, I received a letter from the discharge board. It said that Allen Schindler's discharge should have taken a few days at least.

—R. S. LUNDEN  
Ridgely, Ill.

I WAS PROFOUNDLY MOVED by Chris Brown's account of the murder of Sergeant Allen Schindler. While Schindler has become a martyr for homosexuals in the military, I am surprised that his murderers has not become a symbol for the victims of child abuse. Terry Helvey was brutally murdered as a child. Is it any wonder that as a young

man he exploded in a fit of homicidal rage? There are Terry Helveys being created every minute in this country. Let us hope that they and their parents can be helped before it's too late.

—KENNY GOLDBERG  
Pasadena, Calif.

CHRISTOPHER BROWN'S wonderful article will share the true story of Allen Schindler fresh in the minds of all who read it for a long time to come. I wonder how Terry Helvey's stepfather, who taught his son how to kill and hurt from the days of his childhood, felt when his son executed those teachings to the letter. I hope the Navy learns from Allen's death and educates its sailors to understand that gay men are not to be hated and used as targets of violence. Everybody is sexually attracted by everybody, not just gays. Look where Terry Helvey's boat took him—prison for life.

—NANCY AND ADRIAN WITHELD  
London, England

### Pride and Prejudice

RICHARD BEN CRAMER'S obituary for Great Britain ("Inside England," December) was beautifully written and remarkably accurate. He pointed out the country's collective enthusiasm for bad news, the jealousy accorded those who dare to succeed, the authoritarian system of royalty and Parliament.

—TOM FLETCHER  
New York, N.Y.

RICHARD BEN CRAMER'S piece is naturally a far more illuminating exposure of the curious feelings for Great Britain than any Americanist could be. The decline of the kingdom. It is true that England does not possess the "can-do" philosophy that the U.S. possesses, but it has been in existence for considerably more than two and a quarter centuries. This may explain the vague sense of eternal most Americans desert on their visits, and a certain pride in having given the world more than McDonalds, Coca-Cola, the garbled jargon of big business, conspicuous consumption, and the sound bite.

—PATRICK CRANMORE  
Dallas, Tex.

WHAT DID I DO to Richard Ben Cramer? He seems to have left my house in a very sour mood after what I recall as a civilized conversation during an unusually busy day. Yes, it is true that I was frustrated enough (I am a contributing editor of *Esquire* UK) to "let him in" at short notice between other long-standing appointments on the publication day of my latest book, *The Unsettled Ground*. I had been asked to help him out with an article on Britain, but I did know that while I finished a prior meeting, Cramer was making an inventory of the contents of my house. Involuntarily the royal books whose titles Cramer noted down were such other works of mine as *Good Ratsel Theory*, *Moment's Dan Cramer*, and *Big Deal*. A *Year as a Professional Risk Player*. As to my impressive shelves of CDs. Had Cramer asked, he would have learned that my current work in progress is a biography of Tchaikovsky. Man cannot live by royal bread alone.

—ANTHONY HOLDEN  
London, England

P.S. The "public parkland" onto which my "nose garden" leads is in fact an auto-repair center.

WHAT PREPOSTEROUS nonsense Richard Ben Cramer spewed forth in his scold against the British. To be sure, they have problems, having been American ambassadors there for two years, I know those problems firsthand. But to hang each fault out and make us watch it dry was, well, dry, boring, and unbalanced. Finally, when push comes to shove, the only country in the world the U.S. can depend on is Great Britain. I say God bless it.

—HENRY E. CATTO  
San Antonio, Tex.

SOURCE'S NOTE: The January article "Chuck Goodwin's an Embarrassment" was considerably more than two and a quarter centuries in the past. He is, in fact, dead and sick. Please apologize to Mr. Goodwin for the error. The movie *My Summer Story*, described in the article, is based on James Watson by Mr. Goodwin and not on his life.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, *Esquire*, 130 West 49th Street, New York, N.Y. 10020. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

### My Turn



I'VE SPENT MY LIFE in magazines, so for me *Esquire* is both an adventure and a homecoming. During Harold Hayes's great run at *Esquire* in the late '60s and early '70s, I was at *Newsweek*, where each week, it seemed, the story list read: Civil Rights, Assassination, Vietnam, Watergate. Each month in those years, a shining magazine called *Esquire* exploded in my mailbox with the New Journalism of Norman Mailer, Gay Talese, Nora Ephron, Tom Wolfe, and others. And there were those memorable covers: Sammy Luston as Santa Claus, Andy Warhol drowning in a whirlpool of Campbell's tomato soup—icons of the times. *Esquire's* soul made you feel like *New York* magazine, where a group of brilliant writers created a sensation nearly every week.

After editing *Newsweek*, I moved on to edit *New York* all through the '80s, when the city reigned—for better or worse—as the capital of the world. Now, as this magazine enters its seventh decade, it's my turn at *Esquire*.

What can you expect from me? *Esquire* has a vivid genetic code and an enviable heritage of journalism with a literary flair, compelling fiction, and sound judgment about how things should go about their lives. When *Esquire* is in stride, it is both smart and useful, a unique blend of sophisticated ideas and extraordinary guidance on finding the best of everything.

This month's issue is the first step in what I'm determined will be a fusion of *Esquire's* heritage with fresh impulses to propel the magazine toward the millennium.

There are writers new to *Esquire*, like John Taylor, and others, like Pete Hamill and Julie Banggold, absent from our pages too long. There are new sections: Jeanette Walle's snappy *Reality Check*, the definitive *Esquire* Guide, a monthly handbook of all you need to know about a subject vital to a man's life (this month's topic: sexual performance), and the *Esquire* Reader, a sampling of each month's hottest books and drama (the first Reader includes excerpts from John Updike's exotic new novel, *Revolt*, and Tony Kushner's new play, *Slaves*).

And each month, there's the Gentleman section, the last word on the most interesting new clothes.

*Esquire's* columns are a celebration of men's passions—sports, politics, music, and food among them. From now on, we'll be giving you even more, with regular travel tips, book reviews, and road maps to the Electronic Superhighway, plus Phil Patrick's witty reports on practically every man's first and true love: cars. On the back page you'll find Mr. Peppers, Esq., the best traveling companion you'll ever have in the high life—and the low.

Whatever the elements, *Esquire's* job—in the '30s, or the '60s, or the '90s—is to surprise, provoke, reward, and fascinate the reader. Here we go.

*Edward Kotner*

Edward Kotner  
Editor in Chief





## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Jeanette Walls



Will Byrnie



Julie Baumgilt



John Taylor

**A**S KEITH RICHARDS AND PETER DINKlage have done through much of the Seventies, magazine editors also need to change their blood occasionally. They do that by bringing in new writers, and this month we introduce two fresh voices to our pages—**John Taylor** and **Jeanette Walls**—and welcome back a third—**Julie Baumgilt**. Former writer John Taylor began his journalistic career at *Newsweek* and *Rolling Stone* and then went on to *Manhattan*, etc. In 1976 he joined the staff at *New York* magazine, where he wrote a host of memorable cover stories and was later the political columnist. In addition to his magazine work, Taylor has written two books, *Serving the Magic Kingdom* and *Cross of Andromeda*.

His first piece for *Esquire*, "The Lost Daughter" (page 70), is an eerie account of a Maryland family devastated by accusations of sexual abuse that surfaced during therapy—the controversial and all-too-rampant phenomenon known as recovered memory. "Recovered memory undermines those Enlightenment assumptions we've had about human beings as free agents, capable of self-understanding," says Taylor. "Instead, it gives us people who are engines in themselves."

Contributing editor Julie Baumgilt, who wrote for *Esquire* in the early Seventies and has been a longtime contributor to *New York*, pulls double duty this month. She files her first Mr. T piece, *Boy, eekum, an adult's-eye view of Donald Trump's wedding* ("Mr. T Makes Takes Five," page 78), and travels to Ledyard, Connecticut, where casino gambling has brought the Mashonokee People tribe both riches and Frank Sinatra ("Frank and the Fox Pick," page 88). A self-described "gambling woyzer," Baumgilt has been to casinos all over the world and says she finds them "very relaxing—especially if you don't gamble." Her first novel, *Chorus of Hebe*, was published by Alfred A. Knopf, and she is at work on her second.

Keep your stomach to yourself if you ever see *Esquire's* new snappiest at large, Jeanette Walls, coming your way. Each month at Rayley Check, Walls will bring us "the lowdown on the highbrow" in politics, publishing, Hollywood, and society. Walls began reporting for Brooklyn's *Phoenix* in sevenies and went on to write *New York's* intelligence column

"I only wanted to be a war correspondent," Walls says, "but then I realized my body would get stuck in a foxhole."

Contributing editor **Pete Hamill** met Mike Tyson a decade ago through Tyson's mentor, Cus D'Amato. (Hamill even modeled a character on D'Amato in his novel *Flash and Blood*.) The boy he saw then is nowhere near the man he met recently in the Indiana prison where Tyson is serving time for a crime he says he didn't commit. Today, from Mike is punching heavy cards instead of Mike. "Blood" Green and reading his way through prison ("The Education of Mike Tyson," page 98). "I don't think Tyson should be in jail," Hamill says, "but that he is using his time to do this is a triumph." Hamill's book *The Drinking Life* (which *Esquire* excerpted in January) was just published by Little, Brown.

Luxury editor **Will Byrnie** has helped bring some fine writers to *Esquire*—Mark Richard, Denis Johnson, William Vollmann, to name a few. Now Byrnie, who coedited *Last Sin*, *Valence*, *Magie*, *Story Star* of *Quaker* (Atlantic Monthly Press), is overseeing a new section, the *Esquire Reader* (page 123). "It will be a monthly exercise in serendipity, a literary magazine within the magazine," Byrnie says. "We'll try to keep the bellflowers as tall as possible—Nathaniel Soren Bell and bell books, say, or whoever is doing interesting new work in any genre." Byrnie, an accomplished writer in his own right—he was included in *The Best American Short Story* series—also begins a books column this month (page 120).

Also featured this issue are two pieces about actors who once led seemingly flawless lives: Tom Cruise and River Phoenix. Contributing editor **Jeanette Walls** profiles Cruise and the controversy surrounding his upcoming marriage with the Vampire ("Lestat, C'est Moi," page 70), and contributing editor **Paul Fournier** looks at how in his premature death, Phoenix, true to his name, has risen to become a Hollywood legend ("River with Love and Anger," page 108).

Finally, last year **Michael Squire** told *Esquire* readers how to live forever. Now he tells us how to live forever in the re-augmented *Esquire Guide: Sexual Performance* (page 119). "The two aren't unrelated," he says. "For a man, maintaining his erotic life is a good way to ensure his continued good health. It's also a lot more fun than Starbuck." ■

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# Reality Check

On/Off

## Quinn the Eskimo



Sally: Frozen out by that other power blonde.

THEY'RE NOT lower than **Sack** **Chiao** on the White House smooching pole may be senior **Sally Quinn**. It seems Quinn began clowning at **Hillary** during the presidential campaign, when she wrote condescendingly about the Clintons. Lastly, though, Quinn has been taking swipes at the then-glamorous First Lady. "There are some scurrilous stories going around about Hillary," says one cottage fan. "And Sally's the strong link in the rumor chain." On the flip side, Quinn is said to be swooning over being kept out of the Clintons inner circle—the and her husband, former Washington Post executive editor **Ben**

**Bradlee**, has yet to be invited to any Clinton parties—but the connoisseur, "I don't feel excluded. . . . There isn't any Clinton social circle." "Sally has been trying very hard to stay in the social swim, even though [she and Bradlee] aren't in the position of power they were in when he was at the Post," says another Washington insider. And despite glib replies to the contrary, Quinn insists she wasn't upset that Hillary, in the last minute, cancelled lunch with her in December. "With Whitewater and the state trooper accusations, I'm sure she had other things on her mind." Like what, that health-care thing?

### Peace Signs

## My People Can Help Your People

ONCE **Yusef Abdul**'s image problem has been put a matter of bad public relations. Or so thinks **Pierre Salinger**, the former press secretary to **John F. Kennedy**, who is eager to handle the PLO leader's PR.

Salinger, who works in the Washington office of **Burton Marmorek**, presented the idea last fall. "He was told no, the firm had already turned down the PLO a year earlier," says a Marmorek insider. "He was thrown the correspondence from these negotiations. He said there have changed and came up with all these creative ways to convert **Abdullah** to come on board." Though Salinger contends that "nothing has been sealed yet" between Marmorek and the scruffy peace-maker, the source believes that his behind-the-scenes maneuverings have already worked. "You used to just read articles about him being a terrorist. Now you read profiles of his wife and what a swell guy he is." Does this mean order is at Yusef's?



Mr. Nice Guy

### Current Affairs

## Life of O'Reilly

IS THERE HOPE of a tabloid TV show resurgence for national affairs? **Bill O'Reilly** believes it is. The author of *Inside Biden* is contemplating running for the House of Representatives. O'Reilly says he was called several years ago by **George Bush** (their political director, **Barack** **Kaufman**, who asked him to run against Massachusetts representative **Barney Frank**). O'Reilly declined then but is considering going after a New York seat "because I'm rich as now." A law-and-order kind of guy, O'Reilly says he would bring back a version of their party platform, convicted in "military-style prisons" to work two-hour days of jobs like digging ditches. Sounds more like an episode of *Armageddon* than *Wanted*.

### White People

## Little Big Roseanne

**Roseanne Arnold** has been known to make a fellow or two see red, but not crimson. The producer of a movie that's being called a woman's *Rage* couldn't land the TV heavyweight. *Roseanne* was initially interested in *Drum Girl*, because she's been looking for a role that's noncontroversial and nonsexual. Arnold, however, nixed the part when she found it was also



The lady is red.

nonsexual—the lead character is a *Sexual Indictment*. The producer also approached **John Roberts** and **Dennis Haysbert**, but it looks as if the script will have to be rewritten before any stars take the role. Except, maybe, **Ted Danson**.

### Strange Love

## There Goes the Bride

DON'T SEND that kindue not to **Jeffrey Maas** and **Catherine MacKinnon** just yet. **Janet Malcolm**'s former psychiatrist and **Carla Roman**'s former anthropologist fiancée ditched colleagues last year when they announced that they were engaged, but lately MacKinnon has told people the marriage "may never happen." "They are just too different," a friend says. MacKinnon's office, however, denies any split. Maybe she needs to get herself a good shrink. ■



Friend wept.



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# Man At His Best

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## How Many Mr. Octobers Equal One Miss September?

**E**VEN FOR PEOPLE WHO don't normally go in for this sort of thing, the glamorous almost-nudes of Alberto Vargas have a certain charm. There's nothing smutty about his work, even when it is shrunk to trading-card size, a format associated with baseball players and vintage French photos. Now 21st Century Archives has produced packs of Vargas (some the s for his *Esquire* drawings) "collectible trading cards," which showcase the illustrator's work. The stream of girlified girls Vargas produced for *Esquire* from 1940 to 1946 might be regarded as technically impeccable, devotional blank, created by a Peruvian artist who came to the States just out of his teens and spent the rest of his life chasing the visual essence of the strapping grunge woman. It should be noted that as the relentlessly beautiful '40s, the Vargas girl began to suffer from a certain one-ful passiveness—her borrowed look to launch his magazine. Still, in the work of Vargas and of his *Esquire* colleague George Petty (the subject of a new pack of cards), there is a femininity, even a naivete, that is notably absent from soft-porn Playboy Bunnies and Penthouse Pets, who function, basically, as electrified in search of a male zipper. Looking away or with her eyes closed, snug in her flimsy wrap, the Vargas girl seems to exist in some private domain of she-animal joy. As with her latter-day descendants, the Victoria's Secret models, men seem to be beside the point. All we want to do is watch it.

**Cards for cards:**  
Collect Vargas's  
Esquire girls  
from the '40s

## DESIGN

## Record Your Disc Here

**T**HE MINDSTRESS wants to do to the cassette tape what the CD did to the LP: kill it dead. The MD mail is about half the size of a CD and permanently housed in its own carrying plastic case. Last year, you could buy a Minidisc machine larger than a portable CD player. But arriving this month is Sony's Mx-Hi recorder/player (priced), the first of a new generation of machines from Aiva, Hitachi, RCA, Sharp, and others that are smaller than any Walkman, as well as the cassette tapes the MD aims to make obsolete.

Make them obsolete because MDs, whose sound is barely distinguishable from that of CDs, record, allow for playing any song at any point, and sort, unlike CDs, "joggable." They can take a bumping and keep on pumping sound, thanks to what the engineers call a digital "holding pen" (jogg-

ing a casual fall of memory electrons) that stores an accords of sound and holds it out in a steady and drive over any terrain. So the MD is the runner's choice, the boom box and the car player of the future (Ford already offers one).

The MindDisc is actually two systems in one. Pre-recorded discs—there are now some three hundred titles—are stamped out in the same huge factory in Tübingen, Germany that has made the Hi-Fi.

any the owner's CD-copied Blank discs are of a wholly different type. When you record, the laser heats a pin-point of the disc's surface to a molar-over-1000 degrees, a temperature at which microcrystals of metallic oxides become inscribable to the ransmissions of a very resolute Magnetics

after the polarity of the crystals, which means nothing to you or me but everything to the reading laser. Each macro such immortality one bit, one may some of none. It's permanent, at least until you decide to override Sony's Doggy Days with "Hound Dog."  
—Phil Furrow

ABOVE: RICHARD REHEIN



Even with its Sony's Mx-Hi recorder/player makes digital joggable.



## TRAVEL

# L.A. When It Settles

**E**ARRINGBARS, Grooms, Michael Jackson and Flea. Plus, some understanding, L.A. is still the fulcrum and factory of the American dream. Images of celebrity still fresh in our minds, we might remind ourselves of the reasons we've always loved the city. What makes it unique is its holy trinity of wonderful, guilty pleasures: surf, stars, babes.

**DEEP:** Because L.A. is the endless summer beach city, you might as well enjoy a room with a view in ocean view, especially since the pink granite dome, the Beverly Hills Hotel, has been closed for a three-year renovation. The caravanserai of the moment is **Shutters on the Beach**, a weekly *Adlon*style hunting lodge right on the sand. There are three bedrooms and Jacuzzis overlooking the water. The kink of Venice's Ocean Front Walk, which is a surfer's delight, is a brief Rollin'blade ride away, while the glitz of Santa Monica's Third Street Promenade, L.A.'s own Via Veneto, is mere Gucci steps. Even more, cheaper, and funkier is the no-frills **Shutters** on Ocean Avenue, a bit of Miami Beach on the Pacific and the site of an assemblage of models and



photographers who prefer it to the Chateau Marmont.

**STARS:** Because the stars are different from you and me in that they do virtually nothing for themselves anymore, such as food shopping or fixing their Bentleys, the only nice places to see them are restaurants. Given the Siberian seating policies at Spago, you may be eating *gou-cheese* pizza but raising hell in your seat as you have a powerful press agent who can get you an A table. There are other, more delicious options.

The best food in L.A. is Asian, and at the very best Asian restaurant an armed guard with a headless escort you through a combu-nono strip mall on *mad-Wishkey* into a temple of serenity where the host and, alas, dourer Japanese food outwits Tokyo is served. This is **Chuan Szechuan**, a favorite of Warren Beatty, Martin Scorsese, and their employees, the thugans of *Manchurian Candidate* and *Soy*. For ego's head, you'll eat the pack of Tokyo's *Linkin* fish market, from

what everything is flown in. The Chinatown, "John," can't joke anymore, having degenerated into gang wars and sexual diseases. There is, however, a new Chinatown. Monterey Park, ten minutes east of downtown. The home of Hong Kong-style capital, Monterey Park is a suburban Chinatown, with Chinese mafia, Chinese gangs, Chinese sex movies, and dozens of superb Chinese restaurants. Before you pass here is **Shore Bar** (doublet **Shore**), which is open until 4:00 A.M. and is a haunt not only of Hollywood gastronomes but also of the local gilded youth, who *garden* *gouche* and eat cucumber to Forburgers and Old Dogs for their *apito-dish* restaurants.

**BABES:** The pure ones live up to **Real Fast Ruby** in Santa Monica for After Wines—their veggie fare, while the claret duques of MAM (jazzed-outness whatever) allows lunch to be *tenure* at **La Petit Fleur** on Sunset. Place, which is like Cannes in several ways.

Check if your hotel has guest privileges at the **Sheraton Chikil**, A or the **Sheraton Granada**, prime cruising grounds for the physically unimpaired. Or wait until dark, wear your Japanese designer threads from Manfield, rent a Mercedes from Budget, and try to outdo the noisy downtown **Bentley**. If you fail, cruise down the Sunset Strip to model interview: **De De De**. And, at the moment, the new **Wishkey Bar** at the Sunset Marquis is goddess central.


If you meet someone you like, show her how cultured you are by taking her to the magnificent **Kushikawa Library** to see *The Blue Boy* a Gutenberg Bible, and have a five-minute roller coaster around a library even Austin Spelling can't approach. For a Wild West outing, take her to the **Monterey and Moore Sporting Place** in Little Tiguanga Canyon, a shotgun club where Luke Perry and other young



gens let off steam. Whatever you do, top it off by going to *Heights* and having your own *marcha* band to serenade your dream girl from the husband who won't be drunk like day laborers in front of the green Mexican fish house **La Serrana de Cortez**. It's a grand, theatrical gesture, but after all, you're in Hollywood. —WILLIAM STADIUM



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DEBUTS

## Blue Angel

**I**T TAKES A GOOD DRUNK OF America but has been following Amy Brenneman into her bedroom Tuesday nights as she becomes Officer Junior Lucio in ABC's hit cop show, *NYPD Blue*. Every other episode or so, Brenneman, who, in what seems like another life, was a comparative religion major at Harvard, churches the pale, vulnerable, Catholic butt of Detective John Kelly (Donal Caruso) and takes prime-time television to a realm of sensuality it has never before visited. "Truth, I think it's a bit of a gimmick," she says of the blue screen, "but it's not like the parts I was up for when I first went to L. A. 'You show up, you fuck the star, you get killed'."

Officer Lucio is a nice girl, but life is hard for her, and she's never afraid to make it harder. To help her crooked-cop father, she gets in bed with the Mafia. Then she gets in bed with Kelly, roommates the deal, and blows away the Mafia don. "She's so dark," Brenneman says adoringly. "She's the cool part of me." If you spend even a little time with Brenneman, any number of the parts are on display. In person, she sheds the Latino-American glamour with the television make-up—the mass of hair and expensive teeth come together in a face no less sexy for its honesty. *Ent* Cover girl? (Imagine a lebbaitin pump.) She exudes a bopping, rifting verbal energy and a craving for human connection. "I'm a smoocher," she says. "It's that acting thing."

Combine that "openness" with Officer Lucio's sultry trigger finger and you've got someone who's not afraid to challenge her creators, Brian Koppelman and company. Says Brenneman, "They have to figure out what the women on the show are doing besides the sexual-inflation thing."

—JUSTIN HORTON

**Amy Brenneman:** It took a Harvard grad to make the *NYPD Blue*.

# RALPH LAUREN



THE POLO SANDAL

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Actually, considering that we're aiming for the highest quality ever, it isn't hard to understand why we build the 1994 Chevy Camaro Z28 the way we do. Each car has to pass the critical eyes of a series of laser cameras that

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And then there are things like a new welding device (called a *robogun*) that also ensures the dimensional integrity of the body. And a Dynamic Vehicle Test done on rollers at 65 mph to check that the engine, trans-

mission, air conditioning, electronics and cruise control all work properly. So much for the science part. Better strap yourself in for the rocket part. The Z28 is propelled by a 275 hp 5.7-liter V8. Harnessed to a 5-

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your dealer for program details. Camaro is a registered trademark and Chevy is a trademark of the GM Corp. ©1993 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Buckle up, America!

# How Much Spaghetti Can You Eat?

**T**HIS IS THE way you're going to eat in the second half of the 1990s. For lunch you'll slip into a

loose confetti with a nice bit of **Mari** ("the cross") for grilled bruschetta topped with white beans, pancetta, garlic, onion, and olive oil, or a plate of polenta with braised sausage in tomato sauce. For a light casual dinner, you'll head for **Pasta**, a bright storefront eatery and market serving wood-roasted seafood like



**Mr. Italy:** Like his Donna has been the future, and there's a lot of pasta around every corner.

namer within a one-mile radius of Dupont Circle. But was **Italy**, and I guarantee you'll see copies of Donna's menu and concept popping up around the country the way California grille did in the 1980s. He has clearly taken America's infatuation with Italian food to its next logical level. Without diminishing the eminence of Giallo—one of the greatest Italian restaurants in America—Donna has set the direction for quick, casual eateries for the next decade.

Except for the very aggressive Giallo, what Donna is doing is offering more and more for less and less. You won't find a more lavish daily menu on trolley than I Mari's. No one else showcases the variety of Italian seafood as Donna does at **Pasta**—how often do you run across menus with hot

tags (the dried rose of tanfo) and wild mushrooms in an American restaurant? And while the idea of serving just pizza, spaghetti, and tomato sauce sounds like a gourmet, you'll never eat a better pizza than the bubbly, wood-oven-baked varieties at **Il Raddetto**, and you'll never get a better deal than the all the pasta you can eat for six bucks policy at **Donna's** style notes. "How much spaghetti can anyone eat?"

The question is, How much can Donna juggle? "No problem," he says with a shrug. "I keep my restaurant within blocks of one another. My legs stretch like fish and meat because I move from one place to another picking up this, dropping off that."

Whenever the restaurant, Donna's food is always simple and direct—but extraordinarily delicious. He is con-

cerned about the quality of his ingredients. He once brought seven lobes of truffles back from Italy on the plane (and had to reassure passengers that it was the truffles, not he, who smelled so earthy). At Giallo, he has three men who do nothing but make pasta and two others who just cook it. The breads from his rural bakery. If there are as close as we'll come to true country breads of Italy. Accompanied by some sort of focaccia and greens, vials of virgin olive oil, golden root potatoes, and a bottle of fine Italian wine, everything you eat becomes a feast. You leave full and happy and maybe even feeling a little better about life in

## Mr. Donna's Neighborhood

**Giallo:** 1110 Twenty-first Street NW 302-440-7361

**Il Raddetto:** 1000 Eighteenth Street NW 362-8814

**Donna's:** 1000 Sixteenth Street NW 364-3457

**Pasta:** 2015 P Street NE 365-1171

Photo by the author



Barneys

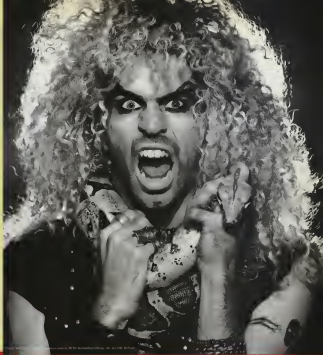
Neuman Marcus

GARRICK  
**GA**  
ANDERSON

Your taste in music  
isn't the only thing  
changing.



Dewar's



# Professor Mack, Phone Home

**W**HAT'S TO  
say what is  
crazy? Can  
we safely  
diagnose Dr.  
John Mack, esteemed  
professor of psychiatry at Har-  
vard Medical School and  
Pulitzer Prize winner, who  
came to the realization on  
January 10, 1990 "I lost

those days when every-  
thing in your life changes,"  
that space aliens exist?

That day, Mack came  
across accounts of sane, ra-  
tional people who claimed  
they had been abducted by  
aliens. Mack didn't find the  
research at all crazy. "I saw a  
kind of trauma that didn't fit  
anything I had come across



in forty years of psychiatry."

Since then, Mack has de-  
voted his life to working with  
abductees, dozens of whose  
case studies are in *Abduction*.  
Hansen discusses with Allen,  
our next month from San-  
tana. Although Mack has not  
been abducted himself, he  
believes that a few million  
Americans may have been.  
Some retain vague memories  
of their abductions, but most  
of Mack's data comes from  
lengthy hypnotic regressions  
during which abductees re-  
call their experiences in  
vivid, sometimes terrifying,  
detail. (Physical communica-  
tion involves telepathy and re-  
membrance has replaced abductees  
as the term of choice. Aliens  
are still called abductees.)

It comes to abduction, alien  
contact, the chills, time, place,  
emotion. One more reason  
to wear clean underwear.

**Once you're there:** They will  
probe your reproductive  
organs, take sperm samples  
or remove eggs, even  
fingers. You may be "tagged"  
for later retrieval.

**Getting back:** After thirty  
minutes, Allen allows male  
abductees, and you might be  
returned to earth at some  
distance from your home.  
It's not uncommon to wake  
up faced with your head  
during the wrong direction  
and your pajamas  
backwards or inside out.

**What you get:** Regrets, for  
traveling. Sometimes you're  
there, sometimes you don't.

**After your experience:** You'll  
be tired, and you may find  
odd rashes or unexplained  
bleeding from the nose, ear,  
or rectum. Other symptoms  
are stress, pain, strange  
complaints, and persistent  
post-traumatic problems.  
All this, and no losing T-shirt!

apocalypse. Ed, a  
virgin, has his  
first sexual expe-  
rience with an  
alien and even  
remembers for-  
getting her breast.  
Peter feels guilty

about cheating on his wife  
and kids on earth because he  
has an alien family as well (or  
is it the other way around?).

Mack's premise requires  
an enormous, open-ended,  
half-jump of faith. "People  
always think that aliens are  
either real or psychological,  
and I ask them to consider  
the possibility that they are  
somehow both," he says.  
"But that means our entire  
definition of reality has to  
change." While humans live  
wholly within the dimen-  
sions of space and time,  
Mack believes that aliens  
probably dwell in complex,  
alternative dimensions we  
can't perceive, which is one  
of the reasons it has been so  
difficult to make the case for  
their existence—their very  
"reality" may transcend our  
powers of perception.

"I have always had the  
sense that there was some-  
thing beyond what we  
know," a beyond that Mack  
has explored through an  
and bleeping breathing  
technique. He uses the let-  
ter to attain a malleable state.  
During one session, he had a  
past-life experience in which  
he was a nineteenth-century  
Russian who had to watch  
while a band of Mongols de-  
capitated his four-year-old  
son. "It was awful."

—ROBERT S. ROYNTON

## What to Expect If You Go: A Mack Primer

**The abduction:** Most begin at  
least in a car. You are  
invited to the ship on a beam  
of blue light, passing through  
walls and other solid  
objects. Abductees and wives  
are commonly "switched  
off" while spouses are taken.

**The experience:** Usually  
anesthetized, you feel  
a strange, cold, metallic  
presence. You are taken to  
a room with a large, dark,  
cylindrical object. You are  
taken to a room with a large,  
dark, cylindrical object. You  
are taken to a room with a  
large, dark, cylindrical object.

**The alien:** Typically small,  
tall (like a grey figure), they  
have two large, dark, oval  
eyes. They have no ears or  
external genitalia, although  
the abductees can feel their  
sex. All communication is  
conducted telepathically.  
They speak in a language  
described in the Weekly World  
News as "stereotypical."

**How to dress:** Sleep, since you  
don't have any choice. When



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## ARTISTS

# Genius in Fishnets

**A**LTHOUGH HE was England's finest painter since Turner, Francis Bacon was known there as much for his notorious personal life (lived "between the gutter and the Ritz"), his preference for rough trade, and his habit of wearing fishnet stockings and garters beneath his trousers as for the horrible beauty of his art. Bloody crucifixions, severed heads, noses wearing croissants, this gaudy, or that one called *Portrait of a Child Walking on All Fours*—when art designers started work on *The Silence of the Lambs*, they turned to Bacon.

Bacon, who died in 1992 at eighty-two, has found his

Roswell in longtime friend Daniel Farson, self-confessed failed TV personality who in *The Gilded Gutter Life of Francis Bacon* (out this month from Pantheon) gives us the ap- proximate Bacon, unvarnished but caressing, destroying hun- dreds of his own works. Bacon still living with his former nanny, who sleeps on his loathen table and supported them both by sleeping; Bacon, accounting corpses pulled from the rubble during the Blitz. Most memor- ably, he grew in the democ- ratic bohemia of the Gallery Room, unofficial clubhouse of the London School, where, Bacon assured a friend, "the fishnets are a terrific success."

In this disarmingly hon- est, anecdotal survey through



Francis Bacon: Self-portrait (1970) of a self-willed master.

the artist's life, Farson cap- tures the essential quality of Bacon's painting: no roads. The red of gore, the red of screaming mouths, of rancor- ous, but most of all, the

red of the spectral visibility of a man who depicted cruci- fixions that seemed to offer beauty but no hope of salva- tion, who spent his life cry- ing to convey "the violence of the soul." H

## Art, Anyone?

**H**IDDEN SO WELL for so long, the un- sure, introspective side of John McEwre has now emerged. The tennis star, who, it turns out, has very quietly been collecting art since he was twenty, has just opened the



**Playing to the gallery:** Mac introduces the artistic merits of Uruguayan-American artist Bruno Zevi.



John McEwre Gallery in New York's SoHo. His first show, of antique medals by Rene Frensch, is to be followed by four or five more this year. For the time being, the gallery is open only by appointment (212-225-6292).

McEwre is refreshingly modest about his aspirations. "I'm still learning the business," he says. "I just hope not to lose money." His primary interest as art, he says, is in building a great collection of his own, and while his tastes range from Basquiat to Dickschneider and late Philip Guston, he also wants eventually to discover new young artists for the gallery.

McEwre credits a friend, artist Eric Fischl, with helping to guide his taste, and he's swapping Fischl tennis lessons for drawing lessons. "Right now he's a better tennis player than I am a drawer," McEwre says, "but I hope to change that." His favorite subject matter? "Naked women." H

# The Diary

What matters most: who reads it.

**N**OBODY HAS HAD ANYTHING good to say about Senator Bob Packwood's diary—*not even Packwood*, who warned that it contained enough sexual filth about the Senate's most august members that they'd be amazed if it were ever made public. Squidil as Packwood makes himself and his diary sound, I do admit him. Keeping a diary acquires momentum self-discipline. It also takes a certain amount of daring, especially if the diary is candid, because there is always the chance that its contents will eventually come to light.

This was the fate of England's foremost diaries, Samuel Pepys, who kept a journal from 1660 to 1669. It contains colorful firsthand accounts of the coronation of Charles II, the plague of 1665, and the great London fire of 1666. Pepys wrote all of it in a secretive shorthand because his descriptions of public events were interlarded with intensely personal observations—about his urge to urinate during the king's coronation, his hangover the morning after, the lice on his head, and his occasional adulterous forays, like one that occurred in church. "[I] stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand and the body, but . . . I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which aching I did forbear." When he was triumphant in these sexual maneuvers, Pepys took the extra precaution of describing the action with foreign words: "That what je voulaiss avec her, both decaisse and backward, which is also any way pleaser."

On the whole, the odd thing about diaries is that so many of their authors never seem to reveal what they're writing. Pepys was seldom any more forthcoming than Pepys ever bothered to do it. The British diplomat Sir Harold Nicolson admitted that he rarely perused his three-million-word diary, and then only to check a name or a date. Lord Byron declared he couldn't bear to look at his because he feared it contained monstrous contradictions.

For such people, apparently, the act of writing a diary is enough. H. L. Menckens, probably never read his, at least not the parts that contained sexual and anti-Semitic remarks ("the Jew-boys," "kikes"). His admissions were deeply shocked when the diaries were published in 1967, and the result was a posthumous devaluation of Menckens's

intellectual standing. The widow of Nathaniel Hawthorne made sure nothing like that would happen to her husband, she bowdlerized his diaries, deleting words like *boon* and *tramp*. And she dealt with the suggestive word *bed* by changing "I got into bed" to "I composed myself to sleep."

Many diaries make it clear that they expect their words to be published as written. Noting that he had not entered anything in his diary for three months, Nathaniel Hawthorne followed in 1870: "I can only suggest to my wretched future biographer that he go on my diary as you would look at it from that life is anything he can find and good luck to him, poor biographer." Richard Nixon, who peppered his memos with self-serving nuggets of interpolation, did the same while dictating his diaries. One surprising entry blames Martha Mitchell for Watergate. Nixon apparently reasoned that Martha's crazy antics derailed her husband, Attorney General John Mitchell (his campaign manager), who thereupon either mistimed the break-in or allowed it to happen.

**S**OME DIARIES, especially those written by authors, are designed not only to be read by others but to shake the world to its foundations. While he lived in Russia, Leo Harvey Oswald composed a journal entitled "Hundred Diary." (There's nothing in it about killing Kennedy, however.) Arthur Bremer, the man who shot Governor George Wallace, went so far as to write "© copyright 1971 Arthur H. Bremer" in his diary, and when Harper later published excerpts, the magazine indeed included that line. Bremer had originally entitled Nixon, noting in his diary that the danger just was an erection, and predicted, "This will be one of the most closely read pages since the Scrolls in those caves." Bremer skipped the very Dear Diary section. On May 8, 1974, he wrote, "Hey world! Come here! I wanna talk to y'all." Nine days later, he shot Wallace.

Whatever the character of diaries, they are the most intimate form of literature—more realistic than novels, histories, or plays. They capture the shock of unfolding events. (Mary Shelley wrote on March 5, 1815: "Blind Cornelia and mine are baby.") On March 6: "First my baby died." The tonight life's frequent postponement of the apocalyptic and the mundane (Franz Kafka, August 1, 1904: "Germany has declared war on Russia—Swimming in the afternoon"), and they record the flagrantly unremarkable too (Beverly Sussman, June 26, 1968: "I did, I think, nothing").

But for all the revelations they contain, I suspect most diaries—Senator Packwood's included—are of less urgent general interest than their authors assume. I think of the character in Ingmar Bergman's *Woman on a Man's Neck* who takes out her diary and reads her husband a passage that has profound emotional significance for her. When she's finished, she looks up and finds he's fallen fast asleep. ■

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Walter Shapiro

# Bill Wears the Pants

But, when necessary, Hillary can sure take him to the cleaners

IT WAS LONG after midnight, and the light from a single gooseneck table lamp cast eerie shadows in the Lincoln sitting room. The President, dressed in his white terry-cloth Arkansas flannel robe, sat motionless in an armchair, a hardback mystery novel lying closed on his lap. "What the hell am I going to do?" the President mumbled to himself. "What am I going to do?"

Footsteps in the corridor broke his reverie. The first lady, wearing a pink, fluffy robe, appeared in the doorway, her hair in the half-light with her hair pulled back tightly. He couldn't help but remember—Yale, Fayetteville, Little Rock, all those dark moments when Hillary appeared before him as a rescuer. "I saw your light," she said simply. "Tough night," he replied. She walked behind his chair and gently massaged his neck. "It's Aspen, isn't it?" she asked. The President softly nodded. "Bill, you've simply got to fire him," she announced in her take-no-prisoners voice. "There's no other choice."

The President groaned. "I can't do that," he said. "Let me give you his House seat. His heart isn't wrong. I will be right there with him. Let me give you his House seat. Hillary took a deep breath and then launched. "But, Bill, this is a delicate situation. Here's what you've got to do. Get back to me together a list of candidates for the Pentagon immediately. Somebody safe, James Woods or Sam Ryan, even Bobby Ray Brown, when the generals leave, would be perfect. Chop off Hillary's head so fast he won't feel the blade. Let's make it, he'll go quietly. Trust me."

For the first time in hours, the President allowed himself a half-smile. She is, to be certain, so smart, so strong. "If you say so, Hillary. I don't know how I could do this job without you."

FOR SOME WHITE HOUSE REPORTING were half so failing as the restless joys of their retirement. The power dynamic upstairs at the White House is likely not quite this playful, but this scene is a modest illustration of the central mystery of the Clinton administration: the working relationship between the President and the First Lady.

The epic generational shift that created the nation's first two women White House males poses first ladies seen as unmoored as a Dear Abby issue on heavy paring. But while

the Clinton working partnership may be official, it remains a sensitive enough topic to be wrapped in the guise of open curiosity. Hillary and Bill themselves are guarded more candidly than nuclear secrets. So, when does the President end and the First Lady begin? Where do the Clintons draw the line between private life and public duty? And could anything like the last night drama that I imagined have actually happened?

As for poor Aspen, Chief of Staff McLary reveals that Hillary was among the advisers apprised of his temporary role to the precise second in advance. Those close to Mrs. Clinton have developed a method for gauging her involvement in these types of presidential decisions. If she mentions something in passing, without embellishing it with a comment, her role was probably minimal. The more visible Mrs. Clinton becomes, the more likely her fingerprints were on the decision. Aspen's last prompted bursty in utterance.

Since becoming embroiled in the White House, the First Relationship has become far subtler than the two for the price of one backbiting of the campaign. Right after the election, both the President and Mrs. Clinton decided that neither the mutual moral nor constitutional principle would tolerate even the most limited experiment with power sharing. A confidant of the President's says up the situation. "It doesn't take a brain surgeon," he says, "to know that there are political constraints on her." The sweeping monster-without-portfolio role that Hillary played in the campaign fits the fluid nature of presidential politics, any attempts to replicate it within the formal structure of the White House would be as chaotic as rosh hash in Rome.

Occasional appearances and brief Larrabee noteworthy, forgoes the consistency Clinton insists offer as evidence that on a day-to-day basis, the President relies as much on other advisers such as Al Gore and Oxford recommissioned State Department-regent Steele Talbot. Thus, during a typical day the Clintons talk several times by phone—two intimate bursts of information-sharing. ("You'll never guess what I heard?" at center) But for the most part, the President and Hillary occupy separate orbits. Even Mark McLary admits that he sees her only once or twice a week in meetings.

Beyond her role as the center of health care, Hillary's influence, while potentially vast, is carefully shielded and neutralized. An old-fashioned cold-war analogy holds. Because everyone knows that she has the bomb, she never has to threaten to use it. Complicating the calculus is the irreducible blurring of personal and professional, there are moments when the President needs a telephone for more than another adviser with a Yale Law degree. Maggie Williams, the First Lady's chief of staff, often cites political-wife power protocol for the Nineties. "A good wife," she says, "isn't always advising." Future unpaid senior advisers, take note.



HILLARY CLINTON is keenly aware that virtually everything she does sets a precedent. The political sensitivities are obvious, and the President's handlers monitor her approved ranges with the intensity of card counters in a Vegas casino. "Partly because of her years in Little Rock," says Jan Percy, deputy White House director of protocol and a Wesleyan classmate of the First Lady, "Hillary knows how to cloak her role in a way that doesn't arouse resentment—particularly among other women."

In public settings with the President in the White House, Mrs. Clinton strives to lower the situation that she is just another senior adviser—David Gergen in drag. During recent marathon health-care-policy meetings in the Cabinet Room, as domestic policy adviser Carol Rizzo puts it, "The only way you'd know they were husband and wife is that periodically the President would say to her, 'Do you remember when we were campaigning and we saw all?' This mock, literary scene like a TV scene about a working couple with a secret marriage. At times, the Clintons play off each other in meetings, Hillary pressing a line of questioning in search of more candid answers than a president usually allows. Good cop, bad cop. The delight to her dur-

ing the debate," explains a top White House policymaker, "and she yields to him when it's time to make a decision."

Do the laissez-faire and does the ground quake when the First Couple diffident "Actually," considers a close friend of Mrs. Clinton's. "The one to watch out is when they agree—and they're both pissed." In truth, the Clintons appear to trust all policy disputes like a Vegas advantage. The President says, "I've certainly been in the room when they're disagreed," says Rizzo. "There's no false politeness. They just try to find their way out of their differences." Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman recalls that when the Clintons debate points of the health care plan, it's "as if, say, Lloyd Bentsen and George Stephanopoulos were talking to each other." During the campaign, NAFTA was a point of particular contention between the Clintons, with Hillary worrying about the political impact of domestic job loss. Hard to imagine Barbara Bush brooding over domestic job loss in first terms couch, perhaps? But for Mrs. Clinton it was all part of her watch-Bill's back job description.

The President cherishes Hillary as that most commodity in any White House: a truth teller. "He needs her," says a senior adviser. "It's uncomfortable if she isn't around for a de-



## IT SLEEPS ALONE



A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOTCH LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the oaken cask which had been used for bracing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to mature malt whisky.

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The cask (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden colour and a beguiling hint of redolence to the malt.

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## OUR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

cision, even when he doesn't agree with her." Is presidential shorthand. "Clear that with Hillary means he wants her opinion, not necessarily her assent. At times, though, the President can become exasperated with Hillary's investigator-bear-on-war intensity and her innate belief that every cause is a dangerous distraction from her health-care crusade. Shortly after the NAFTA vote, the President, in a poignant moment of exasperated growling, confided to an old friend on the back nine, "Sometimes Hillary gets too impatient on health care."

In those spheres of influence fashion, the Clintons also divide their responsibilities so that the President goes foreign policy and Hillary runs their social life. (Judging from the record so far, she has the better deal.) The result, explains a close friend of the President's, is that Hillary "has a large degree of control over the people who surround him." She devised and orchestrated the informal forty-person dinner-and-movie parties that are the staple of their social life. The President and Mrs. Clinton are isolated by their own rhythms. He begins with guests mid-well after midnight, while she vanishes at the stroke of seven to read and reflect.

The First Lady has always been a partisan in self-control, even during the dark days of the Clinton marriage in Arkansas, she never let anger spill over into policy discussions on educational reform (the model for her current policy engagement). As a couple, the Clintons carry more baggage than a ghost movie starlet who just got off the turn with Chevy Chase. When the December allegations about the President's gambling man, adventures in Arkansas hit the White House like The Nightmare Before Christmas, Hillary knew what to do. (As in the campaign, Hillary is much better suited than the President at dispersing with politeness and going for the jugular.) And the wine-service interview in which she intoned the "im-prompts" White House contrivances demonstrated her working role most clearly: tough counsel to her clients/fans/friends. But as one of Hillary's friends said, "I don't know how many more times she can do this."

(What, then, are we to make of the American Spectator's super-duper same-trooper-same-story? The story was filled with enough distractions to justify

carving it off with a state-trooper prop-or-scooper. That said, it is undeniable that during periods of the cabinet, when it came to women, Clinton followed the motto of George Washington Plafieck: "I've seen my opportunities, and I took 'em.")

Does the resurrection of these charges cast a pall over the Clinton marriage? At the White House and Christmas party, the President, alluding to the American Spectator and to Jan Perry, "I'm really used to it. But I need it for Hillary. She shouldn't have to go through it again."

And, for Whitehouse, been a source of contention between them? There are hints that the President wanted to invest with the McDougals earlier than 1991 and that his nervous, lawyerly wife held back. As it turned out, their Little Rock friends made money, but the Clintons were alien to the last investors in a Ponzi scheme. Does this possible discord explain some of the missteps that have made Whitewomen look like whitewash? When the private and public bar, it is extraordinarily difficult to understand the daily news without playing novice marriage counselor.

In the coming health-care debate, we should all be aware that we are an anchored woman. What happens when the President and Mrs. Clinton have to cut deals with Congress on the plan? Will the First Lady prove an adept negotiator ("She's no professor of sociology," says Alston), or will she be too wedded to her own creation to compromise?

IT WAS LONG AFTER midnight, and the glow of the Lincoln sitting room illuminated the President reading a murder mystery, humming "Everything's Coming Up Roses." The First Lady appeared in the doorway. "Everything okay?" she asked. "Great. A-OK. Absolutely perfect," he replied merrily. "I've decided to cut Aspen. It's a no-brainer. I know just the guy for the Pentagon." Mrs. Clinton yawned, a profile in discontent. "Whatever you think best, dear," she said. "You're the President. But please, tell Billy Ray Brown."

On second thought, maybe that's the way it happened. ■

Hilary (Napier, Spectator) White House correspondence, written regularly in this space.



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## LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE

Michael Hirschorn

### Being Me

A song of novelist Paul Watkins, or the new obsession with memoirizing the lightly lived life

**P**AUL WATKINS SEEMS just to have emerged from a vole hole. We're nibbling away at our respective afternoon snacks at Princeton's E.J.'s Pancake House, a local landmark bent on retaining a minimalist aura of collegiate idyll. Watkins, who teaches at two nearby prep schools, taps at a suggestive agglutination of sausage—"just like in England," he says with disgust and feedstore—and laboring tries to explain why he wrote *Dead Before Joe Cool*, a memoir of life as an American in England's Dragoon and Eton prep schools.

Watkins is clearly uncomfortable in accounting for how self. He'd rather be writing, something he does with curdly vigor and dedication. At thirty, Watkins has already belted through five well-received novels and now, even before the peach fuzz is off, is exploring *What It Means to Be Paul Watkins*. In England the book was subtitled "The Making of a Young Writer," which led to a series of scenes at what Watkins is self-anointed *diogenes* calls his "checkouts." Checky mortuary.

"I do enjoy, every now and again, you know, coming-up-for-air sort of thing," he says without quavering, "being able to answer difficult questions."

Watkins is only the latest in a recent slew of men and women who decided before age thirty-five to skip the living part and head straight into memoir. Not counting dozens of freshly veiled autobiography. "Totems," there've

been autobiographies from Terry Teachout, Lorrie Cary, Jake LaRue, Tim McLean, Chris Offutt, and Robin Norvint Jr., among others. I know of at least three more on the way, and in May a collection called *New Young American Writers on the New Generation* will offer a master writer chorus of self-love, self-hate, and self-career.

These young memoirists tend to fall into two camps: the莽莽land ethic of yoked who successfully assimilate into the mainstream culture by navigating the rigors of a Renaissance prep school or college, and the poet whose colorful backwater adventures prove that poor, white southerners have a soul, too (McLean's *Keeper of the Moon* being a wonderful example of this type).

Teachout's *City Limits: Memoirs of a Small-Town Boy*, published in 1993, may be paradigmatic of both genres, and especially their weaknesses. Unhappily dull ("The fall of 1968 is as much a part of me as the fall of 1937"), annoyingly lifeless, Teachout works (and does not kill) readers on the sifting details of an unremarkable Missouri childhood. No matter. He, like many other memoirists, is in response to the sheer ontological belittlement—the biological tragedy—of Being Me. That is why Teachout can write that "nothing noteworthy seems ever to have happened to Skisnee" before going on about the town for much of the next 250 pages. In itself, in himself, everything seems ridiculous. But in Ruben, something actually happens. Teachout grows up to become an editorial writer for the *New York Daily News*.

Lost in self-love and much more eloquent are Cary and LaRue, both black, who unlike Teachout grow up to work for *Time* magazine. Their books—like Norvint's account of being Hispanic at Harvard, *A Darker Shade of Green*—are triumphal tales of assimilation. Clinging to the margin—which is, after all, where the most high ground and literary home reside—they clamber toward the mainstream.

This seems to be the generational every coping as we-



Seems like old times: Watkins, standing outside his home, does 100 death-row old literary toms as memento

DAVID COE  
Watkins, 32

NEWMAN MARCUS  
Offutt, 30

MARK SHALE  
Shale, 30

ASHKAN SAHNI

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## LOST IN THE FUNHOUSE

story. Lacking a wit, a major economic spirit, or a galvanizing political cause, the young, "conservative" scribbler for meeting against a backdrop of economic and social chaos and the comfortable mundanity of life. That's the lesson of Cary's profoundly conservative St. Paul's School anecdote. Back to how to find the grace and meaning in the humble task of getting your share.

**I**N HIS OWN ANGLO-BARDIC WAY, Watkins is also defiantly blind out on the margins, both as an American child in England and as a radicalist among radicals. He may be well fire of the prose: New York-bourgeois circles, but he has put his involvement in good use. Among latter he is already a legend, viewed variously with awe, jealousy and condescension. That he is a confused scorching of a sex god by his grasping is an impression he must live down, but it's also not something he seems eager to hide. Sensitive, brooding—being—he stands out from the crowd of Sand Boy. The did like a disheveled Remond until she, one half as dark as half as light, his eyes shadowed mysteriously by a looming shadow (is that the Anatomy of Influence, put off camera left?) Watkins in literary ignorance as last gap of masculine soul.

Then there is the mythology the audience that novel writers in stories (from the point of view of a Newt), the legendary lawsuits incident at Yale, the summer with Jennifer Beals in Morocco, his glamorous wife, his go go broth at the famous restaurant and personal discovery, the unacknowledged of his historical research, the legendary world habit ("I don't know of anyone here by the way who's a better writer," says his writer friend Paul Greer), the hours of writing and rewriting punctuated by bouts on the Soloflex (or is it a sewing machine?) and finally the Persons.

"He is so self-made," says the writer Durrey Steinke when I ask her to explain how Watkins manages such dour in a deceptively world. "He has this complete persona that he has worked really hard to create," she adds. "You have to see it as real."

Speaking with and reading Watkins is an experience in time travel. He simply refuses to acknowledge the passing of the age of innocence, the rise and fall of modernism, the terror of de-

constructionism, the assumption of real-world hardship, or popular culture of any sort (not even history [yikes]).

"He is one of the century," his friend, the writer Robert Olen Butler, says fondly. "Not this one, the last one." At Yale, Watkins bridled at the gall of professors like Harold Bloom, whose assault on the foundations of writing he correctly saw as a power grab by mere critics (like me)—not creators. "There's this great disdain by academics for the sort of blue-collar writer type," Watkins says, "who actually put the books together."

Not looking too blue-collar this literary afternoon in a profoundly shut-out-guy suit, crisp white oxford shirt, and folded tie, a forelock curled anxiously over his left eyebrow, Watkins might have just arrived from a chat with Ford Madox Ford about the *Ass to Hungarian* couple.

For all his calling to tradition, Watkins would like readers to see his memoir of the Dragon and time schools as a true demonstration of a system that has outlived its usefulness. "It was breaking the faith," he says of his book, sounding the same revolutionary cry that one will be hard pressed to hear the outrage from this chapter, at times quite civil, narrative.

What weight you'll find in this memoir, as in Watkins's fiction, depends from his relationship with his father. A brilliant but not especially wealthy scientist who wanted his son to be part of the British upper class, Watkins Senior sent Paul off to prep school at age seven and then told when Paul was a teenager and half a world away. Stand us, at last, a reported reminiscence on lost harmony.

Watkins insists that, which is why he makes clear to me that he had no intention of pleasing American readers by squabbling about Dragon and Blon's British civilities. "I think, for a lot of readers," he says, "the judgments [about this British school] was so as it placed before the book was even written that they were unable to see that the book didn't deal with the actual passing of judgment."

But what is most striking about the book is the way that beatings, sexual harassment, puppyish homosexuality, suspicion of outsiders and pranks fit so comfortably into the realm of

how we think (if we ever still do) about this world. Even in 1993, Robert Greer's *Goodbye to All That* was able to use the schools as misty whipping posts for his mockery of British snootiness, where students are subjected to "fourteen years at Latin and Greek, not even comprehending taught." Watkins rarely approaches Greer's levels of dread and loathing, he does not dare risk his carefully cultivated sense of self.

Not are the obligatory schoolboy sex scenes as good as Greer's. Greer goes so far as to write: "Watkins takes out his Swiss Army knife. [I] pressed him against the wall," he writes of a would-be boyfriend, "and held the blade against the hollow of his throat." That's certainly an interesting scenario. Is this homosexual panic, adolescent cruelty, or the budding of a reactionary bully? The reader looks for more light here, but the scene fizzles out: "Things would be different from now on between him and me," he concludes. No kidding.

In his novel—which are enchanting, dully plotted, Kenneth Rother-like adventure stories—the hero answers a primordial call. In *The House of Light*, young Ben is forced to give his "father" a direct blood transfusion, which ends up killing the old guy. It turns out, he's not Ben's father, which is why he dies. It takes relatively little dithering for Ben to return to the island of his ancestors to find his matching blood type, and send an encouraging display of bloodletting and whatever he—well, you can guess.

There is something comforting in the way Watkins returns to old literary themes, he doesn't so much reinvent them as reinhabit them, spacing here, during them, polishing the dull silver to a like his brother's burnish. One wants to dislike the plodding reticence of the thinking, the blunt character sketching, the unapologetic rejection of literature's century-long experiments with new modes of expression (Joyce, Nabokov), but Watkins insists on his right to write. And we must yield, because as with that other master of suffering, Ralph Lauren, Watkins wears like a well-worn polo shirt. We have to see it as real. **D**

Michael Hershman is the main editor of *Diogenes*.



I LOVED MISSY  
FROM NEXT DOOR.  
SHE MOVED.  
I LOVED MY  
FRENCH TEACHER.  
SHE GOT MARRIED.  
I LOVED BETTY ON TV.  
WHO SAID,  
"OOP BOOP BEE BOO."  
SHE WAS A CARTOON.  
WELL, AT LEAST  
MY FEET HAVE ALWAYS  
KNOWN TRUE LOVE.

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## THE SPORTING LIFE

Mike Lupica

## Eyes on the Prize

Why Charlie Ward should stiff-arm the glamour of the NBA and rescue the NFL from its kicking game

**T**HE LAST TIME he touched the ball on a college-football Saturday in an ancient movie set called the Orange Bowl, Charlie Ward did what college-football heroes are supposed to do. He took his team down the field and won the national championship the way he had won the Heisman Trophy. He completed the last of his twenty-four passes for the last of his nearly three hundred passing yards and left Florida State a short field-goal from victory.

Then on a night when he was not expected to, he was gone when it counted—in the final minute of the season. He could have finished with a touchdown pass—that would have been the real movie ending—but a Nebraska defender ripped his receiver. A freshman kicker capped the drive, and Ward was done with football for the year, maybe for good.

"People are talking about me playing in Super Bowls," he said. "But they are a lot more likely to see me in the NBA Finals."

It would be a terrific waste. He is a star quarterback and a star point guard, the most exciting player to come out of college in years. The National Football League needs that right now. Ward says that his dream is to be selected in the first round of both the NFL and the NBA drafts, a historic sports double. By the time that happens, the agents will have made their gambles, the sweater companies will be in on it, and there is a chance that Ward, who hardly ever makes the wrong decision with a ball—say ball-in his hands, could pick the wrong sport.

He should play football. He should bring all of his point-guard creativity to at least one NFL team, let some coach build a first-team



**QB or not QB:** Either way, Charlie Ward will earn an outrageous fortune

offense around him as they did at Florida State. Ward is at his best on a football field. He proved that across a luminous career. The Heisman people let him know what they thought when it was time to vote. The final count was like *Nurse* against McGovern.

Ward can pass, he can run, he can pass on the run. He thinks he's imperfect. He is fearless. He reminds me of Joe Montana—the one I remember from *Nurse*. Dime in the late '80s. He runs around and throws the ball

and great things always happen.

In his last two years at Florida State, Ward has only two football games. He completed nearly 70 percent of his passes for three thousand yards and twenty-seven touchdowns. He rushed for almost four hundred yards.

He comes along at a time when most pre-football games are decided by field-goal kickers the size of Ben and Stumpy. The NFL is drowning in kicks, and Charlie Ward is a life preserver. If the league lets him get away, every scout and general manager should be sentenced to a lifetime of watching little Ben boot enough field goals so that his team beats little Stumpy's.

By a score of 9-0

**O**N THE NIGHT CHARLIE WARD WON the Heisman Trophy, Florida State's basketball team lost to a school called South Florida. It would not have happened if he had been at point guard. Going into that season, the Seminoles were averaging games Ward started. There are questions about his jump shot, but Ward has everything else: the ballhandling, the quickness, the passing, the defense. He has led the Atlantic Coast Conference in steals. As much as coach Pat Kennedy loves to have him at point guard, though, he believes Ward is a better quarterback.

"Let me put it this way," he says. "He won the Heisman Trophy at North Carolina. He's not going to win the Heisman Award in college basketball."

Now listen to what Stanford coach Bill Walsh has to say: "He's great. I mean just great, you might say. Great movement. The ability to make the right decisions. The ability to win. I know there are going to be doubts about his size, because he's only six feet. But if Joe Montana's bigger than Charlie, a might be as well. Any team that needs a quarterback and doesn't pick this kid is crazy."

Walsh is the best football coach in America, pro or college. He knows more about quarterbacks than anyone. At San Francisco in the 1970s, he opened up the field with his passing offense and saw all the opportunities that presented for his running game. He also saw the potential in a third-round draft choice out of Notre Dame. Together they won three Super Bowls in ten years.

"Charlie, I think, is better than Joe in college," Walsh says. "When Joe was at Notre Dame, he was a lot more inconsistent than Charlie. But they have the same talent, the same leadership abilities, the same ability to make great plays on the run."

"When Charlie gets to the pros, if he gets to the pros, I actually think he might be more like Steve Young. The kind of quarterback they talk about now is one who can do three things: move, avoid, throw. If that's what they're looking for, they don't have to look beyond Ward."

There's more.

"The thing I like best is his judgment," Walsh says. "He's got great concentration, he's obviously very bright—you can tell that by the way he plays—and he's got tremendous poise."

He laughs.

"Other than that, I have very little power to say about Charlie Ward."

**D**EN SANDERS is a football star on defense. He plays cornerback, outside linebacker, and sometimes catches passes as a wide receiver for the Atlanta Falcons. His one-on-one confrontation this past season with Jerry Rice of the 49ers was the most exciting matchup the NFL has produced in a long time. Like Ward, Sanders is a two-

sport man. He also went to Florida State. All competitors end there.

Sanders tries desperately to be as flamboyant off the field as he is on it. Ward is a showman only when he has a ball in his hand. I met him last December in the Jack Mowbray room of the Downtown Athletic Club one day after he was handed the Heisman. He looked out the window at a cold, bright, big-city Sunday. The temperature in New York was below zero with the windchill factor. Charlie Ward, the kid from the South—Thomasville, Georgia, and Florida State—wanted to feel it in his bones. The whole time we talked, he kept his heavy maroon FSU windbreaker on, hands jammed into the side pockets, shoulders hunched.

"I have mixed emotions about this part of my life coming to an end," he said. "I keep telling myself to appreciate what's happening to me, what I'm doing, because it's all for this. This is what I wanted for my whole life. But even telling myself that, I can feel things going so fast. Too fast sometimes."

He was in the middle of this early tour. He had been in Atlanta and Los Angeles before New York, then he was off to Tallahassee, Florida, for final notes, Thomasville, Georgia, for Charlie Ward Day, and Miami for the Orange Bowl. In the weeks ahead, things would only get faster. Ward would handle the spotlight the way he always has: head ducked, smiling shyly, the words seeming to die a few inches from his lips.

At times he is so quiet it is easy to overlook the magnitude of his accomplishments. Nobody ever played football and basketball at this level. Nobody ever went from the Orange Bowl to the ACC with such ease. Not Bo Jackson. Not Sanders.

We live in an age when young athletes are routinely enlisted as superstars, an age when teenage kids have to win only one major tournament to be spoken of as immortals, and wonderful books are written about sixteen-year-old basketball players. Perhaps we have been beaten down by the hype, beaten down to the point where we don't fully appreciate the exceptional when it is right in front of us.

Sports Illustrated named Don Shula sportsman of the year for 1995. A forty-three-year-old football coach? Are they kidding? He wasn't even the best active

offense. Don Shula deserves that honor. Ward, a devoted Christian, a drier of good words, a leader in the community, spent a semester in a junior college to boost his grades before entering Florida State. He graduated last December with a 3.3 average in his major, won the Heisman Trophy, quarterbacked the Seminoles to a national championship, and then went off to play college basketball, where some have called him the best point guard in the country, even without a jump shot. He was a hero in Miami on New Year's Day while Shula was preparing his Dolphins for their fifth straight defeat.

The night before we met, Ward had gone to see the Knicks play. I asked him if it was a thrill to be introduced to the crowd at Madison Square Garden.

"I've been in a lot of arenas," he said. "I don't get excited about that sort of thing anymore."

He looked out the window, across the Hudson River to New Jersey, and seemed to wonder what was out there for him. "I'm always going to cherish that part of my life," he said. "But I don't want to dwell on it. I've always been the type of person who wanted to get on to the next thing."

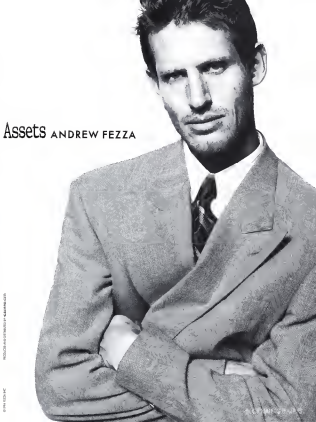
Soon he will have to make a decision. Charlie Ward, who has always just played, will have to choose between football and basketball. He shouldn't let anybody shove him toward the NBA because they say he's not big enough for pro football, or can't throw hard enough, or might come out of the pocket too often to suit some of those coaching gurus. The NFL needs him, and he needs the NFL. The timing is right. The fit is perfect. He comes out of college alone one of the most boring football seasons in memory. He comes out at a time when so many of the quarterback legends—Montana, Phil Simms, Warren Moon, John Elway, Steve Young—are all getting up there in years. He comes out when a star quarterback is the single most valuable property in professional sports. Take a good look at the 490 million owners the Dallas Cowboys gave to Tony Stewart.

Play football, Charlie.

Go to the sport where you're a champion, Charlie. Don't settle for being a contender. ■

Mike Laporta writes for the New York Daily News and is a regular on ESPN's The Sports Reporters.

## Assets ANDREW FEZZA



STYLING: JEFFREY MAYER/STYLING

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

Stanley Bing

# Are You a World-Class Liar?

Take this easy quiz and see whether you make the grade!

**H**OW MANY LIES do you tell in a day? I don't tell that many. Actually, that's not completely true. Actually, I lie constantly, like a rat, from the time first thing in the morning when I say, "Good morning, Dad, you look great!" (when it isn't, and he doesn't) to the last moment of the ten-hour shift, when I tell *Blond*, our midwestern vice-president, that his position in the corporation is "extremely viable as this generation," when I know for a fact he'll be gone by the time the candles are in bloom.

I don't always like to lie, but at times it's got to be done. And usually, when you get right down to it, the deal you and I develop in selling lies convincingly, as needed, is directly proportional to our success and very much in keeping with the times too. That's how I look at it, usually. See how many times I've said actually so far? People who lie all the time say actually a lot, and "I'll be honest with you" and sometimes "Well, the truth is..." Did you ever notice that? Know why I don't lie? Maybe I do. Pick one.

(a) They believe that the "truthful" source establishes a headwind of credibility when before they gave themselves bad news. (b) They want you to do something for them. (c) The most thing they say will be a lie. (d) They're pretty much honest, and they want you to know about it. Frankly, I think that's terrible.

Which answer did you choose? Go ahead, be honest. There is no right or wrong answer. You believe that? Hal! There is always a right and a wrong answer. In this case, the right answer is (d).

There? You've taken the first baby step on the most important quest of your lifetime. Ready to go ahead? Well, go gang anyhow, you lying, cunning, mischievous hump of wined flesh! Just kidding! Let's start with the easy stuff!

*Multiple choice (15 points each)*

**How many times did you lie during the last night working hard?** (a) Once or twice. So what? (b) I don't lie, really. I just put a little shine on things now and then. (c) As often as was necessary. (d) None.

**How're you feeling right now?** (a) Great! (b) I feel a little stuffy up. (c) I don't know. (d) I feel the way you do, Mommy.

**How's your hair?** (a) Great! (b) Hanging in there. Why? Is something wrong with it? (c) It feels a little limp, but I don't want to overcondition it. (d) I'd rather have yours, dear. Who does it for ya?

**I think people are normal when they ...** (a) Show up for lunch! (b) Fit in with the negative corporate culture and do what's expected without calling attention to themselves. (c) Lie, manipulate, grab for the gold when they get close to it. (d) Remain true to themselves! Is that what you mean?

**What are you doing this evening?** (a) Going home to be with my loving, devoted family, having a tasty dinner, playing with the kids, and falling asleep during *Lawrence* even though I've just about the furthest damned guy on TV, ever. (b) Working in my office with a dry turkey sandwich and a bag of decaffeinated tea. (c) Having my BMW de-fused. (d) I had planned to go to a hockey game with the guys from *American Gladiators*, but I'd much rather go over the top-right strategic plan with you, bud! You're a pretty pun witten! Is that good?

**Yesterday you had a meeting with the controller about the revenue you expect to produce during the second quarter. The guy has a number that's about 15 percent lower than the one you know is "true." Why did you lie?** (a) Lie? Hey! That's my story and I'm sticking to it! (b) Everybody in these meetings is lying, too, so those lies don't count. Also, everybody is expecting everybody else to lie in that context and would be confused if they didn't, so that's not really lying, either. Finally, you know even if we didn't lie about it, the controller would still bump our number, like he always does, and then we'd



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# Rogaine

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

## What IS ROGAINE?

Rogaine is a prescription-strength topical medicine that stimulates hair growth in the scalp. It's the only product ever proven to regrow hair.

## How often should I use ROGAINE?

Use Rogaine twice a day (once in the morning and once in the evening) for the best results. Rogaine is a prescription-strength topical medicine that stimulates hair growth in the scalp. It's the only product ever proven to regrow hair.

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## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

be forced to make a crazy overinflated projection based on a "true" number, which we would have, and then we wouldn't get our bonus. (c) Shut up, you sanctimonious dick. (d) Actually, the number we gave reflects the cost of money, the pending upward tick in certain key economic indicators, and the pressure of continuing downward market trends. Actually, it's quite a bullish number and we'll be lucky if we make it.

**Minerals in purchasing was promoted last week to senior executives vice-president of something that never existed before. What do you think was the meaning of this? (a) He's right man for the right job at the right time? (b) You gotta love it! (c) I guess that's what we can all expect after thirty years of service around here. (d) Mal got a great new playing field to work on, a ton of money, and a brand-new office. So what if he's dead? (e) Did he get a car?**

**Most of the time, I feel...** (a) Irritated but happy. (b) Hungry for something with fat in it. (c) Too busy to have sex. (d) I'm something when I don't feel like it. (e) I'm something when I don't feel like it.

**During the night, I usually...** (a) I usually think about my life. (b) I usually think about my life. (c) I usually think about my life. (d) I usually think about my life. (e) I usually think about my life.

**Indicate whether you find the following statements true or false (1-5 points each)**

1. People I love have barely met are my friends because we get roaring drunk at a birthday retreat and ended up playing darts/bowling at 5:00 in the morning.  
2. If my company is merged with the government of Mississippi, it will be fine, just fine, for everybody involved, exactly the way Vlad, my twenty-year-old-boy investment banker who graduated from Wharton and doesn't give a crap about anybody but himself, tells me it will.

3. Vlad is not the head of a Russian financial youth group based on ballerina American business but a very nice guy who plays tennis.

4. Executive pay should reflect the cost of getting the bear and lionheart to management positions. That's why it's far that all senior managers belong to country clubs while people making ninety grand a year are being cut back.

5. I look good in that guy cut with the red, blue, green, and purple tie. I need a haircut.

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

1. Numbers don't lie.  
2. Lying would be the best revenge.  
3. If I don't lie to someone else, well...  
4. I believe myself, generally.  
5. Sorry. All the moment about should be true. If you don't believe that, you're lying. End of story.

## Easy question (15 points)

By the time you read this, somebody enormously attractive will be coming to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Either it will be charming, muscular Summer Robinson, ex of Vacation, a master at building synergies, vertical integration, and shareholder value, or, more likely, it will be QVC home-shopping Kokoska Berry Diller, a sensitive, thoughtful visionary right now sculpting the wily happy consumers will be shopping and learning in the decades and centuries to come.

My friend Ziegler works at Paramount, and has for about sixteen years. Several months ago, before Diller entered the picture, the whole Viceroy group dropped by to have Ziegler tell them all about his function and reassure him, you know, about his future, which is, actually very secure, since the company will be so huge that don't seem to be room for everybody, thus according to the head of the department that will take control of his function if and when the merger takes effect. "You have nothing to worry about," the guy who would be his boss told Ziegler.

"Who are these guys?" asked Ziegler, pointing to those individuals in suits who were tagging along. "They're the pretty much the same thing you do," the guy replied. For 25 points then, answer the following questions:

Should Ziegler behave anyone's assurance? Why not? Why should they be to my friend? What's the percentage is it? For them, I mean? Well!

And when Ziegler asks me at our next lunch whether there are any jobs in my corporation, should I tell him to hang on tight where he is, because nothing is going on anywhere in American business? Which has been full in its death with the suspicion that I'm not going to give him a job?

Or should I look real determined and optimistic and ask him to give me his résumé so that I can "pass it along to our folks in human resources,"

even though I know it's all an empty shell? Should I lived with the guy because he's a friend and a grown up? Or, since his class, maybe even set up a team of interviewers to keep the situation going, knowing all the time that I'm just engaging in the kind of superficial business bullshit we have all come to expect?

And for extra credit: Who should win this vast and crucial battle? Robinson, who would have built a conceptually sound, economically powerful mass-communication organization of great complexity and beauty? Or Diller,

who will stick together a grotesque Frobenius's manner to lumber out into the world, molting home shopping with virtually every entrepreneur upon we really don't want or need? The first will exclude my friend. The second—aren't Diller has no existing infrastructure—most likely will not.

Well, who do you like? (Hint: My friend has three children. And that's no lie.)

Stanley Bing is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. His *Crazy Business* is out in paperback (Pocket Books).

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Pungy for the  
animator:  
"When I first did  
Cruise as part of the  
campaign against  
AIDS, 'I really  
don't say anything,  
he's really  
about it.'"

## Esquire

*The casting of Tom Cruise as the lead in the \$50-million movie Interview with the Vampire has set off a classic Hollywood ego brawl. Anne Rice is squalling. David Geffen is fawning. And Neil Jordan is just confused. Meanwhile, the star is left asking: Why does everybody hate me? By Jennet Conant*

# Lestat, C'est Moi

IT ACTUALLY WAS a dark and stormy night. Angry thunderheads cloaked Houston's Hobby International Airport, and flash-flood warnings were being broadcast on the radio. The forecast was for as much as ten inches of rain before the end of the day. As the limousine plowed through the downpour, the passengers recall, the water was rising almost midway on the door panels. The driver turned and asked Anne Rice—the author of *Interview with the Vampire* and a half-dozen best-selling novels about the demonic doings of witches, ghouls, and other unearthly creatures in a whole series of dark and stormy nights—could only smile. Lately, she has been accused of greater mischief than messing with the heavens.

Looking like a confused Moricia Adams, Rice was on Texas to promote her latest best-seller, *Levi's*, at Houston's Greenroads Market for booklovers. As she also approached, a low rumble could be heard in the distance. As first it sounded like thunder. By the time the car rounded the last bend, though, Rice could clearly make out the rhythmic noise of chanting. Gathered outside the bookstore, nearly a thousand solidly grouped outcasts in gilets and garbage bags, brandishing umbrellas and protest signs, were reciting the same litany at the top of their lungs: "No Tom Cruise! No Tom Cruise! No Tom Cruise!" As she stepped out of the car, a young man handed her a petition with thousands of signatures calling for a boycott of the movie version of *Invasion* with the Verpine, which saw Cruise as Rice's most infamous ghost, the vampire Lestat.

Those unfamiliar with Rice may justifiably wonder why her public appearances call forth mobs of frenzied hipsters and punks sporting black leather, Moriwaka, tattoos, and nose rings. Those who do dip into the Ricean prose, which is of a style that can be described only as *hues* (purple, say, also wonder what all the fuss is about. But once they realize that, and Rice's followers find they owe the vampire Lestat, no matter who paid for the film rights.

The true power of vampire literature, Rice has said, lies in "the inherent will of metaphor." Devotees tend to read into her books almost anything they are looking for, be it addiction, immortality, a secret society, or homosexuality. The more opaque the strategy, the wider the appeal.

*Invasion*, published in 1991, is about as opaque as it gets, and perhaps as a result is considered the greatest vampire novel to come along since *Batman*'s *Dracula* was published almost a hundred years ago. Upgraded for a morally ambiguous age, Rice's Lestat is longer the vampire as evil monster, but is burdened with a conscience that leaves him every waking hour. (The victims may or may not be glad to know their attacker has read his *Crime*.)

Director Francis Ford Coppola was so influenced by Rice's Lestat that in his remake of *Dracula*, he transformed *Dracula*'s bloodsucker into a lonely monster, so much in search of redemption as of revenge. Thanks to Rice, the modern vampire has gone from scurrying to mainstream—and, really, aren't we all?

Spurred on by her readers, Rice has embarked on a one-woman crusade to embrace Tom Cruise, Warner Brothers, the studio behind the film, and David Geffen, the film's producer. She's throwing out the idea that she's been over the Cruise for brotherhood, she's simply wanting the sexual content to accommodate his clear-cut image, and perpetuating the worst crime in the name of casting aside *The Boy of the Week*. Addressing an audience of one thousand on Hollywood night, she said, "I wanted to call David Geffen and say 'How the hell could you do this?'"



**GEFFEN: "For Anne Rice to attack this movie when she has been paid \$2 million is just capricious. It lacks kindness. It lacks discretion. And it lacks professionalism."**

**F**OR TOM CRUISE, *Invasion* is turning out to be a watershed role. At only 28 years, the preternaturally charming actor, with the twinkling smile and sexy million-a-picture and delivers huge opening weekends. But by now that career young-man role he has played to perfection seems to be wearing a little thin.

It's because a major teenage romance. The cocky youth matures to manhood over the course of a twenty-nine movie (epic and old movies, please). The familiar work, smile, and expression of mild befuddlement, it's all so familiar now. As these same, all sorts of things can go deeper, when stars venture beyond their highly bankable personas and that uncharted territory known as "stretching." For Cruise, who used now could do no wrong—even *Crash* has a certain late-Rogers-era charm—the rules are substantial.

But at the urging of two Hollywood powerhouses, CAA chief Mike Cohan and David Geffen, Cruise is entering the dangerous realm of character depiction. The last that millions of Rice's readers knew the youthful Lestat to be tall, blond, European, and androgynous may be the last of his problems. In taking on the part, Cruise is playing a villain for the first time in his life—a selfish man, murderer, no less, an after-hours kind who sinks his teeth into every man, woman, and child he meets.

Cruise didn't seem worried about whether the *Whorehouse* image will interfere with his ability to play Lestat. "I just couldn't resist the role," he says in the way, offhanded way he might talk about having a second piece of cake. Speaking over the phone from his home in Los Angeles, where he is resting for a day before flying to London, Cruise is courteous and charming. While he concedes that Lestat represents a real departure, he puts it in as little a risk than a challenge. "Besides, he's not a bad guy, he just has villainous aspects to him," he deadpans. "From his point of view, he's right. He's really a terribly lonely character."

If anything, Lestat is mostly a solitary supervillain who voyages through time and space focusing on flesh. In *Invasion*, he blithely turns Lestat, played by Brad Pitt, into a vampire because he likes the company—and it fits Lestat's fabulous past. Later, still bored and lonely, Lestat persuades Lestat to "adapt" the five-year-old *Crucifixion*, making her a vampire as well. *Crucifixion* and *Lestat*, who must be human and spend a lot of time napping, are actually the engines that drive the plot. Lestat merely stands around looking cool.

Geffen contacted Cruise in December 1991, while the star was vacationing in Australia with his best friend, Nicole Kidman. Cruise says he "got very excited." He had heard that they were making a movie of *Invasion*, which he had read as a teenager and loved. As a kid, he says, he had been a huge fan of the genre, jumping up late with his three sisters to watch *Cruel Intentions* and *Friday Night*. "I was the second vampire," he says, "and I would always go to bed absolutely terrified."

From the moment he knew he had the part, he has been "banging air," meaning Rice's vampire books are coming up on the decade's list of the cult's most-entirety French literature. Lestat's mother before he went into the vampire game. Cruise spent time in meetings in Paris and visited Versailles to get the feel of the period furniture and interiors. He went on a diet-and-exercise regimen and dropped twelve pounds to take on Lestat's gaunt physique. His hair, which he now wears parted in the middle, is stretched blond, and his eyebrows are bleached with gold. "I don't know how that movie will turn out," he says. "All I know is as an actor I have a great time playing this character."

What he has not enjoyed doing is defending himself against Rice's frequent and unflattering attacks. Rice has made a series of snide comments about everything from the actor's height ("too short") to his voice ("too high"), complaining a bit historically in the *Los Angeles Times* that Cruise is no more her Lestat "than Edward G. Robinson is Robin Hood."

Cruise, who in recent years has been carefully shielded from the press by his overprotective PR woman, Pat Kopylov, refuses to let anything negative (and he is included) so sign contracts before interviewing. Cruise was caught off-guard by Rice's wrath. "When I first hit, it really hurt my feelings, to be attacked like it," he admits, adding with genuine amusement, "my version hurt."

Cruise didn't realize how much play Rice was getting and he started receiving calls from friends who wanted to know what was going on. "Nobody could see what the big deal was," reads Cruise. With the support of people he trusts, Cruise is trying not to let it get him down. He still admits not being able to meet with Rice, the way he did with the writer for *Interview*, making him at the front of July.

"You don't usually start a movie with someone not wanting you to do it," he says, allowing himself to sound a bit braided for a second. "That's unusual."

**L**IKE CRUISE, Warner Brothers is torn. In Rice's script, in fact, some top executives at the studio would gladly dare a stake through her heart. "She's out there promoting her book and getting a lot of risk from all this," says Robert Friedman, president of publicity for Warner Brothers. "It's no accident he's been at the box office all after seventeen years. It's just good, old-fashioned superstition." Cruise, who is sufficiently disturbed to respond, insisting that Rice's attacks on his diet and the film had not done any damage. Overhauled down an official-sounding line: "Interviews will stand on its own intrinsic quality, which, given the talented people involved, will likely be very high."

While it is accurate in Hollywood that any publicity



**RICE: "These people have stood in line three and four hours. They are my readers, and they hate this. I was carried along. I didn't start the whole thing at all."**

is good publicity there is growing concern at Warner Brothers that Rice's rampage could bury the two million movie even before it is completed. Ever since Columbia Pictures' lawsuit with the *Los Angeles Times* over a negative article about late actor Hest, studio executives have been skittish about on-camera words.

Although *Invasion* isn't scheduled to be released until the fall, it has already become the last of industry jokes—labeled everything from Cruise's Gelfin and Geffen Cruise to King a *Las Vegas* and newspaper headlines predicting another infamous Hollywood bomb. More than seventeen years in the making, with a legacy of broken deals and scripts, and because casting problems kept putting the project off. Representatives and industry people point to the sudden death of actor Rick Fawcett (see page 10), who was set to play the role of the young vampire, as an ominous harbinger.

For all of Cruise's efforts to play cool, there is no doubt that Rice's comments have created a significant mental state. Being began last October, the project has been filled with unconfirmed reports about tension on the set, heated-up security, secret materials concerning Cruise's dressing room to extreme locations, and other extraordinary efforts to protect the star from the press. "The press agent has been so besieged with silly rumors that she has given up denying them."

With six million at stake, and Cruise's golden career entrusted to his cast, it is easy to understand why David Geffen is feeling a little crazy. Finally at work after several hellish years of haggling with Rice over her book, preparing unmeasurable actors, and exhaustively searching for a director and star, Geffen now finds himself being subjugated at every turn by the author.

"Anne is a difficult woman at best, and what her motives are remains somewhat beyond me," he says, sounding weary. "But for her to attack this movie for her own self-interest, when she has been paid in millions [in rights] and stands to make a lot more money selling her books is just capricious. It lacks kindness. It lacks discretion. And it lacks professionalism."

Geffen's impatience is exacerbated by the efforts in the past year to accommodate Rice. Early on, Rice had given Geffen a list of ten favorite directors, headed by Ridley Scott and David Greenglass, but they all turned the movie down. In the end, Geffen managed to recruit Neil Jordan. His name had made Rice's shortlist after *The Crying Game*, which probably confronted the theme of androgyny even openly than any movie in recent memory—and one of his earlier films, the creepy *The Company of Wolves*, was cast as a lead character in it. "She was in it," Rice was thrilled, "because Geffen liked it. It was a big fan of his."

With Rice's blessing, Geffen also pursued David DeLuca to star as Lestat. Rice says that the teenage Lestat kept these waiting six months before declining the role, reportedly because he was tired of costume drama. It was at this



# The Lost Daughter

How one American family got caught up in today's witches' brew of sexual abuse, the Sybil syndrome, and the perverse ministrations of the therapy police

By John Taylor

JUDITH SMITH WAS clearing the breakfast dishes when the doorbell rang late on the morning of June 17, 1993. She wasn't expecting anyone, but in Lexington Park, a small, prosperous town next to the Potomac River naval base off the Chesapeake Bay in southern Maryland, people occasionally dropped by without advance word. The doorbell rang again. There was something aqueous, almost pudgy, Judith felt, in the way the second ring followed so closely on the first.

Through her picture window, she could see the road, a short dead-end street of modest, weathered ranches and duplexes set amid tall pines. A squad car was pulled up next to the mailbox. When Judith opened the door, Denise

Thompson, a deputy sheriff for the St. Mary's County Sheriff's Department, stood outside. With Thompson was a social worker named Monica Ruffoni and two uniformed officers.

At the sight of Deputy Sheriff Thompson, Judith felt almost ill. She had not had an easy life, but nothing she had gone through—her parents' divorce, the death of her father, the death of her stepfather, her husband Danny's long sea tour on aircraft carriers during the Vietnam War, her oldest son's troubles in high school, her middle son's learning disabilities—could compare with the sheer emotional agony of the previous six months.

In the fall of 1990, Judith and Danny's seventeen-year-old daughter, Donna, had been seeing a therapist to treat an eating disorder when she began to suspect that her father had sexually abused her. During one session in November, as the therapist later explained it, her personality suddenly "split." A sexual personality, that of a seven-year-old girl named Judith, emerged and disclosed that Donna's father had raped her when she was twelve. The authorities put Donna in a foster home, and then, one night the following January, this same Deputy Sheriff Thompson had arrived with a crowd of police officers; they had pulled their squad cars right up onto the grass of the yard. After searching the entire house, going through Judith's underwear drawer, pecking the lock on the safe where the family kept passports and birth certificates, and collecting a Barbie doll and a screwdriver as evidence, they had taken Danny off to jail in handcuffs.

Danny denied abusing Donna, but at first Judith hadn't known whether her daughter was telling the truth. As Donna's therapy continued, however, more personalities surfaced, and they leveled ever more graphic, ever more detailed, ever more grotesque charges. Judith became con-

The sixty-five faces of Donna. At her foster home in Michigan.





standing, but I tried to be a good dad," he told me last fall.

As Donna's therapy progressed, she began to consider the possibility that she had been sexually abused by her father. Ruminating nothing, but ruminating something, she one day called a child abuse hot line and spoke to a counselor. "When I first talked to him I told him that I was having a lot of thoughts and nightmares and not knowing whether to believe if it was my father or not," she recalled. "But once I got complete memories, then I was very sure it was my father."

Donna's initial memories of abuse were remarkably incoherent. She told Cathy Meyers that, as a child, she had sex on her parents' legs while they read her stories, that they had sometimes entered the bedroom when she was taking a bath, and that her father had spanked her with a belt. Nonetheless, Meyers considered this evidence of possible abuse and reported the incidents to the police, who visited the Strahls and warned them it was against the law to spank children in Maryland.

Shortly after that, Donna produced two more accounts of sexual abuse by her father. She said she remembered one once falling asleep on her bed when she was young. She also said that when she was eleven she and her father had been on a riding horse, he had started riding her and his hand had touched her crotch. She wasn't sure if it was intentional or not. Everything, at that point, was incredibly vague. "When Donna first started making these allegations, I told her, 'Why didn't you tell me this was going on?'" Jeffrey Smith recalls. "She said, 'I didn't remember. I just started to remember.'"

Despite the vagueness, authorities placed Donna in a foster home. She continued to see Cathy Meyers, and two weeks after leaving the house, she had a session that was to provide the first detailed memories of sexual abuse by her father. Meyers was a social worker, not a trained psychologist, but during the session, she reported, Donna "split" into two personalities and "Jackie" emerged. "Jackie" revealed that on a Wednesday night when she was in the sixth grade, she had been playing with dolls in her bedroom, dressed as her Girl Scout uniform, when her father entered. The told me it was older now, one special occasion could be more special," Meyers reported. "Jackie" began to cry and sobbed. "At first he kept holding my stomach, then kissing my legs. Then he moved down between my legs... After a little while he would use his fingers at the same time. I don't remember anyone. I threw up that night."

"The weeks thereafter were followed by voluminous disclosures of long-standing sexual abuse by her father, to include corundums, fondling, and penetration," Meyers wrote in her report. Donna told Meyers that when she was younger, her father had taken her favorite Barbie, which she had just gotten for Christmas, and inserted a knife into her vagina and she agreed to intercourse. "These incidents were accompanied by a rapid disintegration of her already fragmentary personality," Meyers wrote.

The St. Marys County Sheriff's Department was informed of the charges, and when Deputy Sheriff Donna Thompson called to Donna, she produced still more recovered memories. Once, Donna said, when she and her father and her brother were riding horses, her father sent her brother on an errand to the garage, at which point "Jackie" emerged and threatened to expose the sexual abuse. Her father, she said, then inserted a flat-headed screwdriver into

her vagina and removed her until she agreed to keep the secret. A little while later, Donna said that on another occasion he had sexually molested her with a shoe. But after she she also remembered a meal.

By this time it had become clear to Meyers that Donna was in the midst of a profound mental collapse. She was sent to Shagood Pratt, a large psychiatric hospital in the northern suburbs of Baltimore. The psychologist who interviewed her concluded in a report that she "clearly has MPD, or multiple-personality disorder, and identified six personalities: 'Donna,' who 'seeks approval,' 'Donna Christine,' who has been subject to the abuse, 'Jackie,' a younger child, who is allied with Donna Christine and knows all about the abuse incidents; 'Sarah... an angry personality... who has homicidal wishes towards her father,' 'Squaline,' a younger child who remains attached to her parents; 'Arlene,' who is uncertain in the opposite sex."

On February 11, again, two weeks before her eighteenth birthday, Donna was committed. In the hospital, donors of new personalities bubbled forth. They declared that Donna's mother had sexually abused her up until the age of eight by inserting things into her vagina. She said her father inserted objects into her vagina and then placed them next to her bed so she could see them and be forced to think about what he was going to do with them. Under hypnosis, she said the had been traumatically abused by having her anus burned. Then a personality named the Princess materialized, demanding "dead seminars" and declaring "Satan will come for me." When other personalities appeared to claim that Donna's parents had also abused her brothers, Trues and Ben, the police set off for the Smith house to save the boys.

EVERY SCIENCE, regardless of how technologically advanced or culturally sophisticated, is susceptible to mass hysteria. The waves of mass hysteria that washed over Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the burning heretics in Germany, the recovery hysteria in French convents, the hysteria in which people danced until they died of exhaustion, the same who spoke in tongues about participating in sinless orgies with premen and eating roasted babies—were all attributed to demonic possession.

In perhaps the most famous case of mass hysteria from that period, men in the Louvain convent in France fell into convulsions, screamed screams, screamed demonic rituals, exposed their genitals, and masturbated in front of onlookers. All of this was taken as evidence that they had been bewitched by a local priest, who had made the mistake of antagonizing the powerful Cardinal Richelieu. The priest was tortured and then burned alive. The men had been given arsenic in return for confessing against the priest, and when the cardinal subsequently cut off the funds, their convulsions ceased.

But symptoms of possession did not need to be dramatic. Often they were invisible to the uninitiated. The notorious English witch-hunter Matthew Hopkins, who charged twenty shillings per lodging and travel expense, made one Essex woman sit in a chair without food or water until, after almost twenty-four hours, the nurse of the dark wife who had possessed her, Demasius, Pyeworden, Peckle-the-Crowe, Grist-Goodridge. Another woman accused of witchcraft was confused by the charge but, believing the

accusation would not have been made unless true, asked the English lord advocate if it was possible to be a witch and not know it.

In 1644, to help identify witches, divine in Rome, France, issued a list of the indicators of demonic possession:

- ▼ TO THINK ONESELF POSSESSED
- ▼ TO LEAD A WICKED LIFE
- ▼ TO LIVE OUTSIDE RULES OF SOCIETY
- ▼ TO BE INCONTINENT
- ▼ TO BLASPHEME
- ▼ TO MAKE A PACT WITH THE DEVIL
- ▼ TO BE TROUBLED BY SPIRITS
- ▼ TO BE TIRED OF LIVING

What is of course non-sensical about the list is that the signs are sufficiently dense to apply to just about anyone, which made the job of the witch-hunters a good deal easier. The Roman list has much in common with lists circulated to detect manifestations during the great self-abuse hysteria of the late nineteenth century. J. P. Salinger, M.D., the creator of the *Confessionals* and a man who believed in the existence of an evil masturbatory epidemic, wrote several manuals designed to

- ▼ GENERAL DETAILS, INCLUDING EXAMINATION
- ▼ HABIT CHANGE IN POSSESSION
- ▼ LANGUAGE, SIGNS FOR FLAT, AND LIPS
- ▼ SLEEPLESSNESS
- ▼ NIGHTMARES
- ▼ UNRESTFULNESS
- ▼ EATING DRINKING
- ▼ SENSITIVE SENSES
- ▼ COMPLEXION OF THE TONGUE
- ▼ CAPRICIOUS AFFECTION
- ▼ UNCHARITABLE OF SPEECH, INCLUDING POSSESSION FOR OBSCURE STORIES

As with the symptoms for demonic possession, these are head-spinners in the vagueness. And in that respect they are, remarkably similar to the lists of symptoms prescribed by contemporary spirit therapists to help people decide whether they may be harboring repressed memories of childhood sexual abuse. Take these signs from a compilation by Renee Freedman, author of *Repressed Memories*:

- ▼ I SHOWED NO INTEREST IN SEX UNTIL I WAS IN MY TWENTIES
- ▼ AM TROUBLED WITH THOUGHTS ABOUT SEX
- ▼ HAVE HAD A PERIOD OF SEXUAL FREQUENTLY ON MY LIFE
- ▼ OFTEN HAVE NIGHTMARES
- ▼ HAVE DIFFICULTY FALLING OR STAYING ASLEEP
- ▼ THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS I SEEM TO HAVE A STRANGE ATTRACTION OR AVERSION FOR
- ▼ AM ASKED TO BE ASHORE OR TO LEAVE MY HOUSE
- ▼ HAVE GONE TO THE DENTIST MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE
- ▼ OBTAIN FOOD OR SUFFER FROM OBSCURE ME.
- ▼ DO NOT TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY BODY

▼ I IDENTIFY WITH ANOTHER VICTIM IN THE MEDIA AND OTHER STORIES OF ABUSE WHEN I WANT TO CRY  
▼ I SNEEZE OUT OF MARRIAGE

Freedman writes, "If you have some of [these] warning signals, you probably do have repressed memories." And they can be about one thing only: "If you have repressed memories of childhood trauma, the memories are undeniably about abuse."

To fossil any doubt about the legitimacy of a recovered memory, Freedman employs an extraordinary circular logic: She begins by warning that such memories won't seem real. "Repressed memories... never find the same as real memories... Expect your repressed memories to have a hazy, dissociated quality to them." You will gradually come to know they are real, but not at the same way you remember something that was never repressed.

If patients have memories, they must prove. "Focus on your repressed memories for at least one year... You may have periods of disbelief, but suspend a final judgment until enough time has elapsed... The moment of profound disbelief is an indication that memories are real."

Freedman discourages the patient from anxiety about inaccurate charges. "You may become concerned about making false accusations in particular. You do not want to claim that someone abused you when that is not true, but this need for accuracy can take on an exaggerated importance... You can become too caught up in seeking external proof rather than internal relief... If months or years down the road you find you are mistaken about details, you can always apologize and set the record straight."

SOME THERAPISTS use the image of a therapist to describe how they must wrench childhood memories out of their patients. As part of this process, they regularly employ techniques like "guided imagery," "past life regression," and "body work" (yoga, massage, Reiki, hypnosis, and psychodrama). The techniques with which they market these "tools" are as aggressive as the tools themselves. Consider the following advertisements, which appeared in the July 1993 in *Right Magazine* of United Airlines:

- MOOD SWINGS ■ PAINFUL DISORDERS
- STRESS ANXIETY ■ RAGE ■ TEARFULNESS
- DEPRESSION ■ ADDICTIONS ■ ANGER
- PARANOID ■ LOW SELF-ESTEEM
- RELATIONS ■ RELATIONSHIP PROBLEMS
- SEXUAL ANXIETY ■ UNDESIRABLE BEHAVIOR
- PHOBIA ■ OBESITY ■ MULTIPLE PERSONALITY
- RELIGIOUS ADDICTION ■ PARENTING PROBLEMS

REMEMBERING  
INCEST & CHILD ABUSE IS  
THE FIRST STEP TO HEALING

WE CAN HELP YOU  
REMEMBER & HEAL  
1-800-321-4848

Despite all this, most contemporary psychotherapists deny the possibility that they might be ignoring memories in their patients. A few, however, admit that this is indeed what happens. "At times it may be necessary for the therapist to put the pieces together and speculate about the emerging picture and its significance," Christine Courneau, a Washington, D. C., psychologist, has declared.

**T**HE DISMEMBERED IN WITCHAMID is the greatest of horrors" was the epigraph of the notorious *Melrose Place* (Witch's Hammer), a seventeenth-century pamphlet that identified witches by their symptoms. Not only was one required, at that time, to believe in witchcraft, one was required to believe every accusation of witchcraft. King James's famous 1604 "Banish and Demolish" son of historical confusion to the bloodline air, declared it a crime to fail to put witches to death and persecuted the testimony of young children and boys in witch trials. And testimony on behalf of accused witches was self-incriminating. "It is an indication of witchcraft to defend witches, or to affirm that witch stories which are told in certain are mere delusions or illusions," the demagogue Martin Del Rio wrote in the sixteenth century.

This is equally true of the incest hysteria that has swept the United States. Sleepers are considered morally equivalent to, and in many respects indistinguishable from, these accused of sexual abuse. They are attacked as "the most lobby" and as "advocates for child molesters." "I'm regularly called a pedophile on the psychiatric cocktail circuit," says Paul McHugh, dean of the psychiatry department at Johns Hopkins medical school and a critic of recovered memories.

Those in the incest-survivor movement actually refer to contemporary child abuse as a holocaust—a recent warzone in Washington, D. C., for most therapists treated participants to come to one session and collectively beat drums to express their rage at this "holocaust"—and victims of recovered memories are compared to people who deny the existence of the Jewish holocaust.

That was the charge made against Harold Lief, a professor emeritus of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, when he was invited to McGill University in Montreal this past November to discuss his skeptical views of recovered memories. As soon as word of this event leaked out through the survivor network, the university was flooded with protesting letters and calls. A newspaper headline in the Montreal Mirror read: HOSTEL SALVAGE "INCEST LOBBY" TO MONTREAL.

Lief went anyway, but just as he was beginning his talk, a number of people in the audience stood up and began shouting and waving noisemakers. Lief waited until they stopped, then said to begin again, but the protesters rose a second time and drowned him out. Someone sat off a stick bomb and a foul stench clouded the room. Eventually, Lief was forced to give up and, without delivering his talk—on the idea that some memories are true, some true but embellished with fantasy, and some false—leave the audience.

**L**AST DECEMBER, TWO YEARS AFTER Donna Smith accused her father of raping her for years as a child, it called her in rural Michigan, where she is living with her foster family. She agreed to see him if her new therapist could be present for support, and if I would pay the therapist's fee of eighty dollars an hour for the two hours we agreed to spend talking.

The therapist's office was in a new medical center surrounded by farmland. Outside the window, a harsh wind blew away snow across the wirefence corrals, but the office itself was warm and inviting. It had two pink chairs arranged and a wooden desk with a shelf of academic books and popular self-help paperbacks. One volume, Sade's *120 Days*, had its spine turned toward the title was hidden.

While waiting for Donna to arrive, I asked the therapist—a friendly, self-possessed woman in her thirties—if many of her patients claimed they had been victims of sexual abuse.

"A lot of them are coming in with very similar stories," she said. "Very similar."

I asked if she believed Donna's charges against her parents were literally true.

"I don't know," she said. "I haven't been treating her long enough."

Donna arrived shortly thereafter. She is slender, with a pale oval face and slightly upturned nose. Her chestnut hair hangs in sun-dappled tendrils. She had come from her

job as an orderly at a nursing home and had on one of those awkward blue uniforms worn by hospital workers.

Donna Smith is in every respect an extraordinary young woman. She is more articulate and self-confident than most nineteen-year-olds. She can be arrogant, can delight in her own willfulness. "I'm a brat," she said while teasing against her father. "Well, not a brat—I'm just very, very strong-minded." Nerdy Williams, Donna's cheer director, says, "She wanted to manipulate everything." "She was very moody," says her grandmother. "Something would go wrong in the morning and you'd hear about it all day, she'd talk, talk, talk."

Donna is anatomically self-absorbed. She talked easily and endlessly about her multiple personalities. For example, she attributed to them the good grades she has always received. "One personality does much, one does English, one does science," she told me. "That's why talking about it is such a breeze and why I have such a high IQ."

In one moment, Donna offered loudly professional medical opinions about her brother. "It strikes me as odd that Ben's been diagnosed with attention-deficit disorder when he's so obviously dissociative." In the next, she made matters of fact sound almost as baffling as the most bizarre abuse. "Two bees ridiculously abused—I call it suicide abuse—since I was six years old. I have very specific memories." She gave an example. "When I was growing up I put all kinds of stuff in my eyes. I wanted to be blind in my left eye. It was here for several years when I was an infant in a satanic cult. When I was growing up I was scared to

death someone was going to burn it again and I would do it myself before anyone could do it to me."

It was so nerve-racking, she said, that she developed multiple personalities. "I dissociated so much that I broke off into separate personalities. If I'm being hurt, tortured, I can go inside and turn it off. I can go as far inside that you can also say you wish a razor from my wrist to my elbow—she held up her thin arm—"and I won't feel it. When I was in the hospital I cut myself to punish me. Even so I marked myself sensibly from head to toe, and I didn't even know it until later. Sometimes I would cut myself and draw with my own blood."

The horrors she suffered, she said, have given her the capacity to experience extraordinarily powerful feelings. "I developed love so much as a child," she told me. "Elaborate dreams in morning hours about love and affection, too. They went long, they went you had these hands, and I will do that, for love. I never got that as a child." Because she is so emotional, her volunteer work with rescue squads can sometimes overwhelm her. "I've seen babies who've been killed by drunk drivers. I've gone into houses and seen babies who've died and sometimes I get so sad, I don't think I can bear it," she said.

"Maybe you should do something else," I said.

"People who've been hurt want to be comforted."

When Donna is not describing hard-core by her parents, when she is talking instead about actually living with them, they sound like rather ordinary people, with their own burdens and frustrations and personal shortcomings, who are struggling through life but who have failed to meet the emotional expectations their quasi-saturnal daughter had for them. About her father, Donna said, "He's very quiet, very dry. He's a loner, that's why he joined the Navy. There was no father-daughter relationship. He and my dad did not talk. He did not want to be around anyone. That's why he sat in an office all day and ordered papers. How hard can that be?"

Donna wrote copiously in journals when she was a teenager. Her parents have kept many of them, and while they would not discuss them, she modestly offered the journals as a look into her past, much less of a window into her soul. Her journals, her complaints about her parents are remarkably routine. "Then their parents are a big problem, just like I think," she wrote in a journal in 1986, when she was fourteen and when, according to her later allegations, her father was raping her four to five times a week. "Some teenagers are re-

sistently close to their parents and use them as their role models, but I don't. My parents bug me most of the time, but I try not to let it show. They often embarrass me, and every once in a while they may cut me down. When that happens I want to talk to somebody about it, but I don't want them to say your parents are right. That's why I liked talking to Sherry [a friend], because she doesn't say you are the one that is wrong, even if you are."

I asked Donna why there was no mention in her journals of sexual abuse, incest or otherwise.

"You were taught to keep no evidence. If I ever wrote anything I made sure to burn it. That was the way."

Donna now says her multiple personalities have been with her as long as she can remember. "I always knew that I had what I considered childhood imaginary friends inside," she testified during her father's trial. "I kept that quite a secret. I was very embarrassed about it, that I had never got rid of my childhood imaginary friends."

Donna said that her self told Cathy Meyers that she suffered from multiple personalities. As a matter of fact, she had made the suggestion shortly after she had seen *Body*—the popular movie about a young woman who developed multiple personalities after being sexually abused by her mother—in a psychology class at Great Falls High School. Donna was so struck by the movie that she rented the video and watched it again at home. "We all talked about it afterward," recalls Cathy Han, Donna's former best friend, who had also taken the psychology class, "and we were all joining that maybe we had multiple-personality disorder, and Donna said she thought she had it."

Before 1984 there were, worldwide, only some two hundred reported cases of multiple personalities. By 1984, there were one thousand, and by 1984, four thousand. More recently, proponents of MPD have noted around a

figure of twenty-five thousand. Colin Ross, a psychiatrist in Dallas and the president of the International Society for Multiple Personality Disorder, has written that up to one out of every hundred people suffers from the condition, which can require years and hundreds of thousands of dollars to treat.

The number of personalities a patient can have has also expanded exponentially in the 1980s there was *The Five of the Spirit* was to have seven personalities. Some patients now claim to have more than one hundred, more than four hundred, more than one thousand. In addi-



tion to "alter personalities" there are "personality fragments" and "personality states." Specialists studying multiple personalities also talk of "secret MPD" and "latent MPD," of personalities that remain hidden for years at a time and then emerge only briefly and almost imperceptibly as personalities that appear only once, of people whose MPD remains hidden because all the different personalities work in concert to disguise the symptoms.

After numerous months of hospitalization at Sheppard Place, Donna Smith ended up claiming she had at least sixty-five alters, who ranged from a twenty-one-year-old woman to an infant. But even that number, Donna explained to me, is arbitrary. "I have no idea how many personalities I have—no one has any idea. There may be all sorts of personalities I don't even know about. But before the trial everyone kept asking for a number, so we just used sixty-five because they wanted a number."

**P**ROFESSORS OF MPD attribute the explosion in diagnoses of the disorder during the 1980s to the mass and extraordinary story of a woman possessed by sixteen separate personalities, as the book's jacket copy proclaims. Sybil, a pseudonym, was the patient of a New York psychiatrist named Dr. Cornelia Wilbur. Wilbur diagnosed her patient as suffering from a multiple-personality disorder that was brought about by her mother, who, according to Sybil's recovered memories, shoved objects like spoons and fork handles and barbs into her vagina, copulated with her husband in front of her, defecated on neighbors' lawns while her daughter was forced to watch, sexually molested her, and engaged in lesbian orgies with young girls in her presence.

Wilbur herself did not actually publish a report of her treatment of Sybil. Instead, Wilbur approached Flora Rheta Schreiber, an English professor, and suggested she write about Sybil. Schreiber's book is a melodramatic novelization, full of re-created scenes and dialogue. She tells the story from the point of view of Sybil, her various personalities, and her therapist, shifting in and out of characters to suit her dramatic purpose. A huge commercial success, Sybil reached the top of the *New York Times* best-seller list and was made into a movie starring Sally Field as Sybil and Joanne Woodward as the doctor Dr. Wilbur.

To therapists who speculate in multiple personalities, Cornelia Wilbur, who died in 1990, is a son of maraudered cult figure. They pay her ritual homage by the use of phrases like "the Wilburian resolution" and "the post-Wilbur paradigm" when referring to the notion that multiple personalities are created by childhood sexual abuse. But the case of Cornelia Wilbur may have been founded on a misconception.

Herbert Spiegel, a psychiatrist and former professor at Columbia medical school who specializes in hypnosis, diagnosed and treated Sybil in the mid-1980s when Dr. Wilbur sent her to him after her psychiatrist had become ill. "Wilbur asked me to see her because she was treating her as a schizophrenic, but some of her symptoms didn't seem consistent with schizophrenia," Spiegel told me one afternoon last December, sitting in an office in his Upper East Side apartment. "She was suicidal and would come to see me when Wilbur was out of town. When I talked to her about aspects of her life, she would say, 'Do I have to become Helen

or can we just discuss that?' I said, 'Why are you asking?' She said, 'Dr. Wilbur would want me to.' I said, 'You can if you want to,' and she would not. She would discuss her problems, her suicidal tendencies, without switching personalities. Sybil's mother was a schizophrenic, but there was no sexual abuse. It was not corroborated. I treated her for more than a year and was in contact with Wilbur during that time, and Wilbur never mentioned MPD.

"That came up later," Spiegel continued. "After Sybil had stopped treatment, Schreiber came to see me and asked me to cooperate with her and Wilbur on a book. I agreed and said I would open my files. Schreiber said as she was leaving the office that she was calling it MPD. I said she's not. She doesn't have the key features of MPD, spontaneous switching between personalities. There came up during therapy. They were hysterical, intuitive. What goes it away was her telling me Wilbur diagnosed certain personalities. 'I said I would work with Schreiber if Sybil was diagnosed as a hypnotee or as a dissociated patient. Schreiber [who died in 1991] said that publishing companies wouldn't be able to tell it unless it was MPD. I said that was a hell of a reason for a medical diagnosis. She got mad as hell and left the room in a huff. She wouldn't talk to me after that and neither would Wilbur. Their goal was to do something to capture the imagination of the public. They succeeded."

This did not bother Spiegel so much at the time because the techniques Wilbur used did seem to help Sybil, and he never made a formal accusation against her mother. But now, Spiegel said, more therapists influenced by Sybil are working at what he calls "memory wells" and diagnosing MPD in patients, producing "phony memories" that patients then take into court. "I addressed some of them in one of their annual meetings, and I was surprised by the dumbness of the questions. They have no training. They believe the verbiage of each personality. They know nothing about hypnosis. A therapist can hypnotize suggestive patients without either the therapist or the patient being aware of it."

Spiegel pointed out that people with dissociative disorders are extremely susceptible to hypnosis. To dissociate is, in fact, to go into a trance, and they go in and out of trances constantly often without being aware of it. Spiegel said that if suggestive patients like Sybil, whom he considered a hypnotee, refuse, pick up a phrase—*am told* or *after that*—that there is a Cornelia plot to take over the media or that they've been sexually abused by their fathers—they can fill in the details on their own. "The details are presented to the therapist as memories, and if the therapist doesn't know what is going on, he or she accepts them as memories."

Hypnotized patients will just as easily accept premises that contradict their core convictions and actual experiences as they will those that reflect them. Spiegel showed me a videotape of an experiment he had conducted in 1987 with NBC correspondent Frank McGee and a highly hypnotizable subject. The subject, who had left-of-center political views, was quickly put into a trance by Spiegel, who then told him, in a general way that there was a Communist plot to take over the American media. After coming out of the trance, the subject, without any prompting, quickly revealed the existence of the plot, and then, as McGee pushed him for details, began, with total conviction, replying from his own imagination names of people who were part of the conspiracy and locations where secret meetings had taken place.

"Memories can be vivid under hypnosis," Spiegel said when the tape was over, "but they are not necessarily true."

**I**N 1988 Jean-Martin Charcot, the chief physician of the Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris, believed he had discovered a new disease. He called it hysteria. Charcot's theory combined the fascinating symptoms of hysteria and the convulsions of epilepsy. But one of Charcot's students noticed that, at Salpêtrière, hysteria and epilepsy had been placed in the same ward, and the hysteria, who were extremely susceptible to suggestion, had simply begun unconsciously imitating the epilepsies. After realizing his mistake, Charcot listed the hysteria-epilepsies and treated these with counter-suggestion. Their epileptic symptoms disappeared very rapidly.

Counter-suggestion is not a part of therapy for most MPD patients today. On the contrary, following Cornelia Wilbur, therapists treat each personality as an individual entity that has to be explored. To this end, they encourage their patients to probe their own minds for alters and then to elaborate their functions and activities. They recommend that some patients create bulletin boards to alters can leave notes for one another. They advise patients to imagine a boardroom and then populate it with their personalities. They have patients "trap the system"—that is, draw diagrams that list alters and their relationships to one another.

The diagrams then advise alters not to become acquainted with all of a patient's alters. It's not enough simply to wait for alters to appear; they need to be called, evoked, summoned. One therapist suggests pressing one's thumb against the patient's forehead, repeating the name of the desired personality, and saying, "I want to talk to you."

Getting through to alters can require persistence. "It is useful in control interviews," Richard Kluff, a psychiatrist at Temple University and one of the leading experts claiming the existence of an MPD epidemic, has written. Kluff warns that the process can take hours. During that time, he says, patients must be prevented from taking breaks or even moving their faces. "In one recent case of singular difficulty," he says, "the first sign of dissociation was noted in the sixth hour, and a definitive spontaneous switching of personalities occurred in the eighth hour."

"This is demagogic," the Dark Ages," says August Pappe, a psychiatrist in Seattle who set out to study the literature on MPD after an insurance colleague was discharged from a hospital's staff for irresponsibly diagnosing patients as having the disorder.

Finally, given the oneness of existence and the presence of instant imagery, so-called Christian trances have become particularly in-demand with multiple personalities. One such Christian therapist, James Finnegan, a professor at Fuller Graduate School of Psychology in Pasadena, California, and author of *Uncovering the Mystery of MPD*, believes in the existence of both demons and alters. He has conducted seminars as well as treated patients with MPD, which he sees as two distinct but somewhat similar activities. He warns of the danger of mistaking alters for demons

It's a problem, he says, because of "the many similarities between the bodily signs that indicate a dissociation and those that indicate a demonic possession."

Finnegan also warns that an alter could be accidentally cast out in an exorcism. Even if the alter manages to hang on, Finnegan says, merely accusing it of being a demon "can frighten the alter seriously enough to keep it buried for some time." Another side effect, according to Finnegan, is that "the personalities themselves become convinced they were demonic and they were unacceptably persecuted."

Other therapists maintain the effect of exorcism on alters. They alters, they claim, are too slow to be taken in by the medical suggestion. "I have been around many patients who have supposedly been exorcised—after alters having been seen as devil acolytes," Gary Laffey, a psychiatrist in Dallas, has written. "In those cases the alters were still present in the body. They weren't dumb; they knew better than to make their presence known while they were around therapists/religious leaders who thought they were helping by trying to 'cast them out.'"

Alters can't be expelled through exorcisms, the thinking goes, nor can therapists suggest them to their patients, because alters are not Egos. So, some psychologists maintain, alters can be suggested by others. "Information has come to me from a number of sources that such matters are associated in how to treat MPD, especially in their children's workbooks," says Finnegan. "This minimizes the anxiety because the children's host alters will know nothing about the ritualizing."

Electric shock, drugs, and hypnotherapy are still fully employed by the cult members to program their children to create alters starting when the children are about two. Using brain biofeedback-type paraphernalia, the cult members turn particular alters to behave only in specific ways, and appear only at specified times.

Finnegan's science might be suspect because of its Christian underpinnings, but Colin Ross, head of the International Society for the Study of Dissociation and Dissociative States, has made an independently similar claim. Ross has argued that multiple personalities have been diagnosed in unwilling subjects by the CIA so they could then spy on one personality and, if captured, switch personalities so that, even under torture, they could convincingly maintain their innocence.

Ross comes to this conclusion after some of his patients told him their multiple personalities had in fact been created by the CIA. According to Ross, the patients were taken to training centers, hypnotized, placed in Russian suits, given hallucinogenic drugs, and made to wear virtual reality goggles, all in an effort to create different personalities that could transport secret information. Subsequently, he convinced these subjects' "recovered" memories of the experiments have begun to surface, and the agency is in an effort to prevent its sources from becoming known, has orchestrated a campaign against the recovered memory movement.

"The CIA is out to discredit them all, and if the [subjects of the experiments] find they're starting to uncover some of the mind-control experimentation that was done and that's hidden in the alter personalities in the back-

One expert claims that the CIA has implanted multiple personalities in unwilling subjects.



ground, usually they wouldn't be enthusiastic about that happening." Ross told a reporter for the Canadian Broadcasting Company program *The Fifth Element*. "So it would be necessary to have some sort of political strategy in place to counter that." According to Ross, the CBC's strategy is disingenuous, putting out word that "it's all just casual in therapy. It's funny. It's not real. It's hypnosis."

**A** POLICY STATEMENT from the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry declares that in cases involving allegations of child sexual abuse, "it is essential to obtain a history from the perspective of each person. The clinician needs to be able to consider all sides of the story and any other sources besides sexual abuse, that could account for the child's symptoms." Donald Steidel, the first psychiatrist assigned to Dennis Smith after the arrival at Sheppard Pratt, set out to do precisely that.

But this enraged Dennis. "I didn't want Dr. Steidel to meet my parents, nobody wanted Dr. Steidel to meet my parents," Dennis testified. "He was just an innocent he had, and I think it was a genuine innocent." After refusing to be treated by Dr. Steidel, Dennis was assigned another therapist, who made no attempt to contact her parents.

Cynicism, the emergence of the multiple-personality epidemic, correct as it may be, when traditional psychiatrists are being challenged by biological psychiatrists, who hold the rather atomistic view that most mental disorders are biological or genetic and should be treated with drugs rather than with "talking cures." It comes, too, at a time when speaking cases have focused psychiatric hospitals like Sheppard Pratt to reduce long-term care, creating empty beds, cutting out revenues, forcing layoffs.

But the elaborate and expensive treatment of multiple-personality disorder has produced a new source of revenue for such institutions. In fact, just as Dennis arrived at Sheppard Pratt, the hospital was opening a new unit specializing in the treatment of chronic, sheltered, and multiple personalities. If it was the case with Charon's bipolar depression, people suffering from multiple personalities are responding to suggestion, then placing them in a unit with other people in the same condition, encouraging them to read voluminously about the disorder, and imagining them regularly about their personalities would all seem highly counterproductive. But that is the treatment at Sheppard Pratt. Dennis was soon immersed in a world populated only by therapists and people with multiple personalities. They were not a cross section of society. Some 75 percent of the patients in the unit came from the medical profession or the police. In fact, one of the first inmates was the son of a housewife in a domestic violence shelter, and a MPTD.

Dennis stayed at Sheppard Pratt for eighteen months and eventually ran up a medical bill of \$300,000, which was paid by her father's insurance company. Kathryn Gatzke, her new therapist (who was not a psychiatrist), helped Dennis "tag her system" so she could become acquainted

with her various personalities. Gatzke and Dr. Richard Loewensohn, the head of the dissociative-disorders unit, also hypnotized Dennis more than fifty times, and during these sessions would not discuss risk different personalities to appear. With Gatzke's help, Dennis learned to hypnotize herself and eventually reached a point where she was putting herself in trances without even being aware of it.

The process of uncovering and confronting multiple abuse is extremely disturbing, according to Loewensohn. In fact, it is so disturbing that, to the unaccustomed, the process itself sometimes appears to be driving relatively stable patients insane. This seemed to be the case with Dennis. Under hypnosis, her various states revealed themselves to Loewensohn. When he later told her about her claims of ritual abuse, she at first denied them. But as treatment progressed, she was frequently overwhelmed with horrifying spontaneous memories. "People in the ward would say things and just out one of," she told me. "I went through a period of constant flashbacks. They were horrifying. They would just come into my head and I would be judging. I was so sick."

These flashbacks caused Dennis to scratch her eyes in efforts to blind herself, to bite her wrists and bite attendants, to job punch in her ears, and to bang her head against the wall. "Banging my head helps get it out of my head," she said. She would also cut herself and on one occasion nearly burned the back of her hand with a curling iron. When the beating dragged in this manner, her responsiveness would wane, and she would feel as if her blood was going to boil. To calm her down, the attendants in the ward would "absorb" her, that is, wrap her tightly in a sheet soaked in icy water.

It is a controversial technique no longer practiced at institutions like Johns Hopkins, and even Richard Loewensohn was disturbed by its use when he began working at the hospital. "When I came to Sheppard Pratt I was horrified that they were using cold, wet sheets because I thought nobody used them," he testified. But, he said, once he observed how calming they were to patients, he changed his mind.

**P**RUDICALLY ACCEPTING the supposedly abusive parent as a central risk of passage for the recent survivor, Dennis insisted to me that she didn't want to go through with the trial against her father but felt she had to testify. "Otherwise, everyone would have called me a liar." She did prepare for a thoroughly rehearsing her testimony with Gatzke, who played the role of the lawyer examining her and who used the rehearsal to check the consistency of Dennis's answers.

The trial was held at the Brook County courthouse in Leesonsboro, five miles from Leesonsboro, by the time it began, September, Dennis's family hadn't seen her for almost two years. (She finally had been forbidden to contact her, when Judge said Dennis a Christian card, the judge chastised to pull her.) Dennis seemed pale, unhealthily emotionally drained. Her brother Ben, still angry about the charges that had caused the police to haul him and Travis off

for psychiatric evaluation, began shouting it her in the hall. When Dennis took the stand, her plaid dress of therapist and supporters sat in a row facing her. Now and then Dennis communicated with them through the coded finger signals her "sensitive personality" had learned to use when an alter took over. Dennis explained to the court that she had selected five personalities that would appear in court. These she considered "helping alters." They knew about the abuse, she said, and could testify about it. She would not bring angry alters into the courtroom because they might witness. If she passed, she said, it was because the various alters were conferring among themselves about the answer.

For the most part, Dennis was quite honest during the trial. Her account of sexual abuse by her father was graphic but also clinically detached, and it contained a number of details strikingly similar to her previous account of sexual abuse in the Philippines.

"I remember my father sitting on the bed next to me," Dennis told the court, "and standing up to take his clothes off and sitting on top of me and telling me to suck his dick.... and he said, 'Daddy's little old man and you will drink it.' ... I kept giggling and my father would hold my nose so I would have to swallow what he called 'the milk.'"

Dennis Smith took the stand in his own defense and denied the charges. His lawyer introduced a psychological exam of Dennis that showed no signs of trauma. Michael Spookis, a Baltimore psychiatrist who had interviewed Dennis for the defense, said it was highly unlikely for someone to see eleven therapists and only on the twelfth to uncover a repressed memory of chronic sexual abuse. Instead, he said, Dennis's answers with Cathy Myers, her viewing the movie *Siddh*, her eighteen months of institutionalization and hypnosis, her refusal to allow psychiatrists to interview her parents, all led to the conclusion that, while she was now completely convinced of the accuracy of her memories, they were the product of suggestion.

Spookis was followed by Paul McGuire, of Johns Hopkins University, who had not interviewed Dennis but who had read her records and the court transcripts. He said Dennis suffered from a hysterical disorder that had been induced by doctors who believed in multiple personalities. "I don't believe that she is lying and I don't believe that she is insane and delusional," he testified. "I believe that she has been strongly persuaded to see herself in this way."

After eight hours of deliberation, the jury reported that it was "hopelessly deadlocked," with eleven members favoring acquittal and one man holding out for a conviction. "I just couldn't believe she was making it up," he told a local newspaper reporter after the judge dismissed the case. Later, the juror called Dennis at Sheppard Pratt and took her out to a football game.

**A**LSHOUGH ONE MONTH before the trial Dennis's doctors considered her so disturbed that they had shepherded, ten days after a verdict they denied she was healthy enough to be discharged, and she immediately left for Michigan. Her parents, who had been produced from court testimony, said the judge said as we're not to try to call her, and if she calls us we're supposed to say, 'No, sorry, Dennis, I'm not allowed to talk to you,' and hang up." Judge told me late November 8 and Dennis were sitting in the living room, drinking Diet Pepsi and eating Pizza Hut

pizzas. Ben had gone to a church function and Travis was playing in his room. It was not late but Dennis was exhausted. "I had off shortly after his arrest, he now had a new job, in Washington, which meant a two-hour commute each way and he was on the road every morning when it was still dark. With more than \$100,000 in legal bills, he had no choice."

There is, in the end, no irrefutable proof that Dennis Smith did not rape his daughter, and, like the holocaust juror, many people find it inconceivable that Dennis had made up such accusations. This was apparently the view of state officials, who, despite the dropped charges, would not move Judge's house to operate the small day-care facility the case was in her home. After all, it is hard to think of a more reprehensible crime—more wrong, in many respects, than murder and betrayal—and Dennis will always be known, even among his supporters, as the girl who claimed he raped her. Nevertheless, Dennis and Judge harbor no anger at Dennis.

"We do not blame Dennis for this," Dennis said. His rage was reserved for the social-services bureaucracy, the therapists, and the doctors at Sheppard Pratt. Most egotists of all, he felt, was the failure of the hospital staff ever to contact the family to get their side of the story. Instead, they diagnosed Dennis as having multiple-personality disorder, assumed her multiple personalities stemmed from child abuse, then treated her in a way that made her seem to get much worse, at least in the short run, and that reinforced her belief that she had been abused.

Dennis's therapists also vigorously used the multiple-personality diagnosis to explain away anything inconsistent with their interpretation. Because of the lack of references to abuse in Dennis's diaries, therapists said the entries were not written by the personality that had suffered the abuse. Asked why Dennis had tried several times while at the hospital to contact her parents, they were told that was a bad idea who wanted to reintegrate with the family to perpetrate the abuse.

"I don't think I've cried as much in my life as I have in the last two years," Judge said, looking up from Dennis's high school yearbook, which she had been leafing through. "I can't see Dennis. I can't talk to her. I get up at night and cry cry cry to God, 'Why, why has this happened and why has she been taken away?'"

"My parents continue to torment me," Dennis told those visiting later. "They're causing me emotional trauma by constantly sending me letters and begging to see me. I don't want to have anything to do with them."

I told Dennis that her parents seemed sincerely convinced of their own innocence, which was why they had joined the False Memory Syndrome Foundation in Philadelphia and why they were speaking out about their case.

Their behavior irritates Dennis. "I wish my Dad had pleaded guilty and gone into therapy," she said. "The even if my parents admitted what they did, they would have so much therapy to do before I could talk to them. I'm so much further along psychologically than they are."

If her parents weren't innocent, I suggested, they either were psychiatrists who could be convincingly or were therapists after whom multiple-personality disorder was named and had evil alters unknown to them who surfaced just to torment abuse.

"I think they had double lives," Dennis replied after a moment. "I won't say they have multiple personalities, but I've thought about it." ■



Easy Emeralds and bleeding rhododendrons—an Indian tribe hits the jackpot as gambling and Sinatra come to the Mashantucket Pequot. **BY JULIE BAUMGOLD**



# Frank and the Fox Pack

**F**RANK SINATRA WALKS in the door and the wind follows him. It blows his black satin bomber jacket with the emblems on it flat against his back. For a moment he is lost, despite the entourage moving him along, despite his wife, Barbara. There is a bronze statue of some Indians and a small, surprised crowd beld back on both sides by state troopers. "Frankie!" A woman's voice comes out of the crowd demanding him and he hesitates. Then he bends over to her, bending slightly forward as if he is facing the slamming wind and

feeling the weight of being Frank Sinatra, almost seventy-eight and still at it.

He might be anywhere, in any place, any casino, a stranger in the right heading for the presidential state and another performance. He can never step outside this circle anymore, walk into a casino, into the bright pit and peel off a few bills. The people with him are always moving him along, to the elevator, to the stage, through the underground passages to the stage, to the restaurant, where they put up a screen around him.

"Frankie!" He hasn't got time to look around, but this is Foxwoods High Stakes Bingo & Casino. It is owned by the 675 members of the Mashantucket Pequot tribe and it is big, maybe the biggest and richest casino in the Western Hemisphere, though there are guys who will come out of Vegas

and Atlantic City to argue this point: Foxwoods is in the southeast of Connecticut, and about a sixth of the population of the United States lives close enough to drive to it. It's the only large casino in New England. It is owned by the Western Pequot, a tribe that was twice almost wiped off the face of the earth but is now rich enough to hire Sinatra to open its new hotel and Fox Theater, named for the Fox people.

Sinatra's son, Frank Sinatra Jr., was there in the theater rehearsing the orchestra a few hours ago.

"Woodenhead," he said. "We've taken 'Swinging Bear' and 'Yawucha' out of the book. All non-conformists for the drums are out. . . . Guys and gals from New York, only Foxwoods are allowed to park here." Frank Junior was actually making Indian jokes while Richard "Skip" Hayward, the chairman of the Pequot, was standing with a fan of microphones in his face at the door of the theater, being interviewed. Richard Hayward's back, his hands were clasped and his thumbs were dancing. Hayward is under a lot of pres-

When it rains it pours: The Enimajor, the \$240,000 statue that is the symbol of the Pequot's prosperity.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY LESSON

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Four relations: The chips are down for Mark Sebastian and the Eastern Pequot, but, he says, "We've got plans."

seen as a visionary and the man who saved the Pequots from extinction in this century. Forewoods came out of his head.

This afternoon he left his small blue wooden house on the reservation down the road and checked into Forewoods' new hotel with his wife, Carol, the daughter of the tribal chairman of the Road to Lac du Charbon. Carol left behind her other Mercedes but brought along a lot of kind of ordinary-looking luggage. The Haywards were there for the Seneca actress, and they were not alone. High school, major Indians, and major Malapians were sliding their key cards into the slot in the elevator that allows access to the eighth floor. One of the soldiers hired to show the press around was tinged with shock for because the elevator contained these chief Indians and some press who were sitting about the eighth floor but not quite registering Map, whose father is a white man. What an "Indian" looks like is a bag, anything must here among the Eastern tribes, where the bloods are mixed and everyone is very sensitive. For the blond Indians and the black Indians and the Portuguese Indians and the Wet Indian Indians, it all seems to come back to what a person feels is in his heart and in his blood (even if it is fifteen-sometimes something other than Western Pequot). This is what Donald Trump, who is fighting Indian causes, means when he lost it in front of Congress this past October and said, "Go up to Connecticut and take a look... they don't look like Indians to me," making everyone in the room wince. Her just didn't get it at all.

Frank Sinatra was up being moved up to the presidential suite, where, after doing his show this opening night and apologizing for his throat, he will sit at the baby grand until 1:00 the next morning singing with Carol and Skip Hayward, who, like him, is a night person and the focus of a big storm. But Sinatra is used to being in a storm, and this

could be any place that gives him the best rate and sells out his shows and pays him hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Sinatra loves the strongly banal, regulated life of guests, a life that he transports with him wherever he goes. He goes to bed whenever the sun comes up, gets up around 1:00 or 2:00 in the afternoon, has his eggs, and sits at the piano to vocalize, stretching out his vocal cords because he is a concert singer. After a show he plays, mulling and humming, not far-out singing, and the others are worn out and, one by one or in pairs, disappear with the light.

During the show he tells a bit about the way he lives now. "You set up a program, we go wherever we work." He talks about his friend Jackie Onassis and says of Barbara, "She doesn't drink and it's terrible. I go home and drink alone." He picks up the glass, loving each sip, mock shuddering at the sight of the water sampler. "Dined by age, with the trouble goes from his face, he half apologizes for singing only standards, for the world has changed and there are no songs anymore. There's no new music. The guys who wrote those songs, they got so fat with bread they went to live in the mountains, those fat bastards." Oh, "[They] got drunk and died or something. So we go on 'Shoot'." That's how Sinatra began a song. "Shoot!" he says to Frank Junior, a man who once sang somewhere else here and who now stands with his back to the audience and conducts the orchestra and prompts him when he knows his place or forgets the name of a composer or arranger. Sometimes he repeats himself and his eyes slide to the Rick Springfield. Sometimes the singing voice is flat, he's sometimes quavery when he speaks. He sheds the best quality in song and becomes the dullest, most emotionless, finger-tapping dream lover again. The danger comes back. To hear him is a reminder that those who do things better than anyone else in the world can never shake their allure.



The queen of Indian racism: Forewoods is expanding to become a "destination resort."

Finally, on the third night, he son of acknowledged Forewoods to the audience. "It fits a sitcom or a party! They sent up a truck to get me up here and it was full of money."

He likes to pretend it's just for the money. It has been said that Barbara forces him to sing. But he loves and needs what he does. The audience is named casino-style at long tables of strangers. The curtain goes up and he is there with his back to them. Sinatra does not walk out on the stage, he just turns around and it's Frank, baby. "Take it, Frank! Shoot! Fly Me to the Moon." What we got! I take a shot. Like that men get down the rim of the hill. "For Once in My Life." "This is a song that when they were going to the all the vocifers I was ready to throw up, but it grew on me. It covered me from head to foot. Shoot!" Strangers in the Night," exchanging glances. "The Beer Is in the Glass." When he was young he sang those songs as though he had had, and now that he and his audience have lived they mean even more.

"And, baby, it's gonna be fine! How! How!" he growls with a flash of the old bad-boy Frank. "Moonlight in Vermont." "My mother used to call me 'Cocker sn' because my ass is so small," he says to be on the stool. "Black the Kink" at the end with a tribute to Bobby Darin, and "The Lady Ella," who sang that song with such feeling he does not know what he can add to it. He's full of Sinatra's music. "Weatherman, it's such a groovy day." One sitcom song with the opposite and the drink and he winks off, sitting again. "Angel Eyes" or "It's 5:00 A.M.," a man falls into a bar. All you people represent one tomorrow. "One for My Baby." "My Way." "New York, New York." Married, a little slower and fiercer like his audience, he calls, "You're the greatest!" and blazes them. He's funny, cool, wonderful, and still a bit dangerous in a way no one has managed to equal.

The voice of Sinatra singing down with people half his age like the balls. On the phone, he is the small host. In the courtroom, the answer and float like a spiny. But Sinatra stays in his room, watching CNN, sometimes talking with people about his collection of electric traces.

Two tough guys are holding the elevator for one little guy who looks as if he just might know a few secrets. He's one of those big little guys who come to his around resort pools. Mr. Ben Table. "You all come to my suite," he says, insuring his card into the eighth-floor slot. "What else you want?" he asks a man in the elevator. "Time one," says the man. "I'm an Indian, too," says the little man. "A Wagoner, an Indian Indian." There's laughter as the elevator takes him up to the brand-new hotel in the ten-year-old nation of the Mashantucket Pequot.



The actor Richard "Skip" Hayward made it all happen.

THE CONNECTICUT LAND, cleared and sacred, is full of Indian ruins, impossible rocks, and rivers where the bodies of the Pequots were dumped. Here is the swamp with the bleeding rhododendrons where the Pequots went to hide from the white men after their fort was burned in 1637, and here is the river that carried the ashes, the dirt, back to his people, dead in his canoe. Or so legend has it, a history that often alters the fierce murders and crimes the Pequots committed. Here is where they were disfigured, forbidden to live on their lands or call themselves Pequots. Some were sent to Bermuda and

the West Indians as slaves, and all were forced to merge with other tribes so the Pequots would be eliminated. Blood and fire and horrible cruelties have now given way to people pumping silver into that machine and a tribe growing rich while the Kaskaskia, a twelve-foot, 150,000-acre Native Indian, turns red for the old owner's amusement.

This land is now called the Mashewetuck Pequot Nation. It became a separate nation in 1975, and nine years later Foxwoods casino was built on it. Down in the little Pequot museum, under one of the waterfalls, the film of the re-created 1637 massacre keeps showing. Captain John Mason keeps attacking and the burning Pequots stand in the dark. Some Seneca Indians who have come here from Florida to study the gambling watch the Pequots fall for the second time. They sit on the benches with their hands spread wide on their knees and they don't make a sound in the Pequot show, "Owequot" (Englishman) and the Englishmen show. "We want here them" and the fire crackles and the men and women and children scream. Around the corner from the museum door, in the poker rooms, the gray-haired men are playing Asian Stud and Texas Hold 'Em. Overhead the Las Vegas is playing Eye of the Tiger, Double Diamond, and Flamingo. Some are vomiting silver on a 10 percent average profit so there is always the background sound of the spill. "The Fox Game dealers are waiting in the boutique pit. Old, loose arms go up to pull the lever on Reels of Fortune, Spins Till You Win. There's a list of the diseases the white man gave the Indians in the museum, but those who come through here have lives of their own."

Up on Winochig Hill Road near-by, the maudlin tale together and the small houses give into the ground. The dirt road looks like the kind of place from which it might be hard to return. This is the reservation of the Eastern Pequot, who split from the Western Pequot in the seventeenth century and, as the neighbors say, it is "poor as Job's turkey."

"That's what we used to look like not so long ago," says Skip Hayward. That was what they looked like after the swine project and the maple-syrup project failed, where the hydroelectric letter and the garden projects and the Mr. Puma were or less failed, too. Then came the gambling project, the great answer for the Fox people. They came Foxwoods.

Now the Western Pequot are rich, the richest people in southwestern Connecticut, perhaps the richest Indian tribe in the States. They are repeatedly referred to in the local paper as "fabulously wealthy," which is not necessarily a compliment in Connecticut. They are the houses here, employing almost nine thousand people, mixing hundred-million-dollar buildings, and buying thousands of acres of land in a state they once owned. They have bought their neighbors to shuffle cards in five-woman-potential rooms, to smile and bob down drinks in Indian-made rooms with red feathers stuck in their blond hair.

Skip Hayward runs it all and made it happen because it was his mission. His grandfather, Elizabeth George

Pacific. "The Iron Woman" said him to hold on to the tribal land. Skip gave up a good job as a pipe fitter at Electric Box in Grafton to go live in a trailer on the reservation with a cousin of Pequot genealogist around him as he fought to recover more blood lands and bring his people home. He represented the Western Pequot, and many in the tribe consider Hayward as much their savior as was the second leader after the massacre, Sakis, Comstock. In the 1920s Hayward's grandfather was the last Pequot on the reservation. She was alone on 24 acres. Now 250 people live in at least one-hundred Western Pequot blood have come home to 3,000 acres.

The Pequots are a nomadic tribe, the princes of the valley, and their camps were high into the sky above the second swamp and the dense hostile neighboring towns. They have outlasted the state and the governor to get a monopoly on legalized gambling in Connecticut. When the state wanted to balance its budget, it went to Foxwoods to get a quarter to the sheriff, and only then could it close the state books.

Pequots in their Mercedes cruise past Foxwoods in BMWs on the reservation, now with its million-dollar HUD houses, now being enlarged, and new multi-frame houses rising. Some have jobs that pay them hundreds of thousands of dollars and have bought second homes off the reservation, all will have very rich children. They have provided themselves with health care and care for their elders, a big manor-house in the shape of a swan, a ball park, a basketball court, and an archaeological dig, and there will be a million Pequot mummies. The money is not just handed out, most is reserved, and there is an intelligent reserve program that pays the Pequots if they live and work in the area and educate themselves. It holds them close.

"That's beautiful!" says a member of the Eastern Pequot coming down the gravel driveway from the new house of a Western Pequot. "I see people who used to be on federal assistance with new cars and gold cars, silver watches." And so do the Native neighbors, who are amazed that the tribe wants to amass about seven thousand more acres.

Donald Trump has worked out that each tribe member could be making more than a million a year. Trump—who was looking at 100 million total revenues for his Ocean City in Las Vegas in Atlantic City versus 10 million at Foxwoods—has said the federal government to challenge the advantages of Indian gaming. Lowell Winkler Jr., the governor of Connecticut, now defending the Pequots, has called Trump "a dork" and a bigot. Trump has called Winkler "a fat dick."

"The Western Pequot are the enemies of what other tribes want to achieve economically," says Ed Samba, chairman of the Eagle Wing Pow-wow. "They are a sovereign nation, and, exceeding that, they have become international." A lot so international for the towns that look with suspicion at Foxwoods' investors. Because Connecticut banks were afraid and unable to take the risk, UAB, an Arab-American bank, backed the bingo hall, and now the Las Vegas of Michigan has backed the casino and future development.



The gray-faced ones: Gunning for the night, desperate to catch a glimpse of Shalaka.



Michael "Mickey" Brown, who runs Foxwoods, brought the Pequots together with the Las Vegas, a formerly tough federal prosecutor and gambling lawyer from Atlanta City. Skip knew well the laws of the most extensive gambling in the States. He did an inspired thing. Working with the unsophisticated Connecticut legislators, Brown wrote the compact with the state. He promised them \$500 million a year or a quarter of the slot in return for a monopoly on slot and casino gambling in the state. He kept the tough regulations but removed them from all those tricky little impediments he knew so well from New Jersey—things that would keep a good businessman from moving a few machines or tripping the odds on craps or on night sports. Foxwoods has an approximate profit margin of 45 percent compared with 10 to 15 percent in Atlantic City. Brown is one reason Foxwoods works, whereas the management of Indian casinos in Michigan and Wisconsin has been shown to be corrupt.

The tribe has learned its politics. It has a lobbyist and a Washington office and gives \$100,000 to the Democrats in the last election. Skip Hayward has supported Clinton's health-care plan and goes to dinner at the White House. "Winkler later on because we screwed the state on the compact," says Mickey Brown. But perhaps not quite so much now that they have given \$1 million to Winkler's pet cause, the Special Olympics. In fact, with mostly pure hearts and good motives, the Fox people have won.

**H**ERE AT NOON on this autumn Wednesday of Spring week in Connecticut, "the land of steady habits," thousands of people with what the management calls "a flexible entertainment schedule" are entering the door zone. The buses are wheezing into the bays and backing open. The cars are turning off Route 1. Foxwoods pops off the horizon, pop in the landscape. Blue roofs by day, a red fever glow by night—a blinding balisconter to lure gamblers and the nearby board from all over the Northeast. They drive past the constant drump and whump of Malaysian-knocked construction. The road is rutted and torn in heavy equipment drills the earth for the new three-thousand-seat bingo hall, the tennis park and golf course—five Foxwoods is moving from the dry-trap bingo league into "destruction rooms" land.

The people ride the escalators past the Indian holding his peace pipe to the sky, standing in front of a waterfall in a pool of quarters and dollar bills. There behind him is the Great Celtic Swamp, where, after the 1933 massacre, Ruttingback lay stripped to the ground and cursed the swamp and the white man. He commended the gold rhinoceroses there to bloom red to remind the people of the slaughter, and the once-gold rhinoceroses now grow red in their corners.

It looks familiar here, dim and sun-washed, everything tall and swampy-bowdler, the tribe's colors in fact, a look just like the Embassy Mall with its. There's a car-come with state little balconied houses selling northwestern Indian pop—silver (and) with lamps of turquoise, Indian-head hats, Indian dolls with a new poised in eye-cups. Few shops, a giant, throbbing gambling pit, a few more shops with carved beams and fringe pillows and separ-



Bringing weapons? We big and two come in the gift shop.

lun, like Indians all run by the unemployed high-tech workers of the downsized Electric Boat in Groton.

There's the pit. The Indians are moving five new Air-conditioned, air-purified, they're housing onto the floor came new that gambling has no out at all, now that Mickey Brown calls the area of "the best room" has been removed. It's just another form of mindless entertainment. There is a lot of video gambling now to make it easy for the gamblers to make the transition to video poker, video craps, video keno, and video blackjack, where no one has to embarrass himself in front of a dealer with the fact that he can't add to twenty-one. Games are propped on the first machines, which are in the wheel. No one looks up.

In the bar of assembly money becomes another top, your "sempiternal card." The faces are stained casino gray in the blue light, the cyphers red from the names and waiting at the Triple Charms. They have the floor. They don't look up.

Casino people go on and on about the fines of gambling and superstitions and how the "gamblers' sacrament" players pay, buy into a casino, leaving behind

The savvy gamblers: Mickey Brown brought in the late family and outland Connecticut.

stly on an average visit, to sit and stroll and converse their arms. Psychiatrists will say it's *assaultment* or looking for "Lady Luck," who is Mima, in order to fall back into her area, where the gambler always a winner. But it's the fever—a \$30 billion national need to ditch debt on bingo cards and pull tabs, to float down river shooting craps, to hold these change cups rubbed black at the bottom from corn, this childish need to play. Sometimes when the other heronage from the first machines, the player left a just at, a ceremony that they have won at one instant of life.

Forewoods can barely contain the fever. Thousands of people are here—eighteen thousand on a weekday twenty-two thousand on a Saturday or Sunday—and there are not enough places to park even with a capacity for 7,400 cars, not enough places to eat, not enough hotel rooms. Some Indian casinos sit on desecrated tracts in the Midwest and serve no alcohol and still they are dense with the hungry-bearded.

It has been arranged for Frank Sinatra to be able to gamble here, but he never does. Still, false sightings of him occur all over the casino floor. Gamblers tell one another he was seen playing baccarat in the middle of the night, and this hope is enough to encourage those who travel on hope. Memories of his young presence pass through the casino. He is Phil Joy, Nikiann Derrin—all the famous risk takers he has played, all those living on the purple edge, throwing spinning topers on his while watching the cards and trying to keep the desperation hidden. He is Vegas in the again, the Rat Pack at the Sands, still the big time.

Don't you know, little Joe, you never see us... Sinatra's voice moves into the pit from the concourse. No one looks up. It takes a while to get their attention. Suddenly there is a rimbale, as though a subway is clanging through, this

screech like the train is stopping. People hurry past, toward the center of the concourse, to the Kannekake, that oval-shaped mass of a kneeling warrior among his coked how at the arena sign. Every hour on the device there is a laser show. The Kannekake is the shimmery reminder of what Forewoods is all about, the hope of the land, abandoned spirits in the air. Most of the people here don't know they are in another nation, that Indians are spread by law, not dodged from the Constitution, a sovereign people. The dog-gone gamblers—the kind who break an ankle when their legs collapse after sitting too long at the tables—don't care.

Ed Simba, a Tlingit, watches the Indian turn red. Later he says, "I tell people who want to understand Indian affairs that the foreign country is outside the reservation. The same land is within." Many tribes want federal recognition, which gives them the status of a defunct nation and pays them \$100,000 a year to buy back their lands. It is also the way to Class III gambling. Since the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act of 1986, 197 bingo parlor and casino have opened on the reservations. Some fail because of bad or crooked management, sometimes the mob moves in, but sometimes, like here, they are the economic solution, an answer beyond lawing and smoke shops, a path to sudden wild wealth, with jobs for the area, money and comfort for the state.

Stories come from the folk rocks where the Kannekake stands. John Holder, a tribe member and a former draftsman with Electric Boat, worked obsessively on the statue. He took back models from the Ladyfay trees, had the initial archaeologist in to study the handholds and nooseholes, lefty inferring the Indian's chest muscles. Then the forty-five hand-dressed Indian, clean and polished, crossed the statue from Florida on a fibred truck to rest in a \$100,000 grove of trees—\$1 million erasing entertainment.

Holder came home to the tribe on April, when fewer than fifty people lived on the reservation at a half-don't make. His cousin, Skip Hayward, was in his mule, living off sales of cedarwood and hops. Skip would walk through the mud, saying, "The hospital will be here, and the school will be here." "There are many many stories of Skip. He walked Mickey Brown around outside the bingo hall one night when the tribe was interviewing him. Mickey was in his lovely pinprick suit and good shoes when Skip walked him through the woods and gravel pit, telling him "Skip dreams," and "I don't think he even knew it was raining," says Brown.

"Long ago, before the ancient ones, the land stood alone," says the Kannekake. He wants to turn red. The eagle, cross a wolf howls, run birds. The synchrotron thunder and a similar, a white steam rises from the pool. Then the blood-red Indian and the white face starting up, then bodies in their car comes with their scared eyes. And on all these what does, most raised long before political correctness, is the image of the "noble savage" and the infinite gift. We brought him alcohol, smallpox, measles, malaria, cholera, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria,

plague, cholera, and polio. This is the multicultural subject. See how we lived before you. See what you did to us. Come to the casino. These gifts washed the outdoor dirt in the Indian, now we, glancing with silver water as he looks like an art sculpture or, as one reporter wrote, a giant mud ring.

**T**HE EIGHTH-FLOOR, high Indian lounge hangs over the sacred Great Cedar Swamp. Here small burial mounds of first and the kinds of food gamblers consider lucky appear at all hours. At all hours is the time visionaries and high rollers tend to sit.

Skip Hayward has finally found himself and is making himself available. People make excuses for Skip when he misses appointments, disappears, and hides. He has learned the behavior of some important men and a shrewd when it is convenient. He is forty-five, a hard-core man, a bit heavy with prosperity. He makes about \$200,000 a year, has a boat, and just bought an airplane property in the next town. He has a grown nephew, but the tribe is his child, his creation.

Skip is one of nine children of a white naval officer descended from a pre-Revolutionary War family. The family grew up all over, and Skip delivered newspapers in many cities, graduated from North Kingston High School in Rhode Island, and worked in many different power plants. When people discuss gambling, he looks as if he would rather be deep-sea fishing. Like his Indian ancestors, he likes to wonder: It is hard to think of anyone more American than Skip, who belongs to another nation.

People from Skip's generation remember how the dirt road used to scrape the bottom of the car when they were to visit his grandmother, Elizabeth George Piffard. She lived things bought in stores, and she had no money. She heard that the land, went to the well for water and the near cellar for the food she cooked on a woodstove. The kitchen was her sister the low ceiling when she made her blueberry dumplings and baked beans in the hollow shingle house that is kept, almost as a shrine, down the hill from Elizabeth George Drive. For Skip, whose family moved frequently, the Old Homestead was the center of many big families. But there was also the Elizabeth Piffard who hated her house and kept poisoning the town to improve it. She didn't want welfare, but she wanted some help, and finally she and some others went to the way with the town and fought to land they killed their dogs rather than pay the health and licensing fees. She pulled up a gun and drove off those who thought they could use the land after she died and make it a state park.

The Piffards were in the center as the ancient, Moken, or so Heronville thought, and he raised the doctored ship in Moby Dick for them. But they were there around here, the Strong People, going out in their canoes to bring in the whaling ships. Long before that, they had found the game and the fish and made weapons from shells. In that century they lived in Connecticut rather like Gypsies,



The locals even fear the tentacles of the terrorist group the Shining Path creeping from Peru through the Connecticut woods.

PHOTO BY [illegible]

coming to the back doors to sell the local people their fish. The industrial jobs went to the white people first, and many of the Pequots had accompanied with Alaska-Native Living on the land with traditional ways but not work very well for a Pequot in the last twentieth century, but Skip saw how things had succeeded for other tribes. He worked up those with some Wisconsin Project blood, and some of the Eastern Pequots and Narragansets then came into the tribe.

Added by a professor from Smith College, Hayward petitioned for federal recognition, which Bessie Rogers granted in 1976, and with it came \$500,000 to buy land. The tribe used its own money to start the bingo hall, but when that ran out, the Pequots went to the Arab-American bank. The Pequot tribe of Maine guaranteed their loss and made the first management agreement to train and help them. In 1980 the Indian Gaming Act allowed federally recognized tribes gambling rights such as were possessed in the states, which drew the tribe's rights. Then began the fight that proceeded through the courts until the Pequots won in federal appeals court and Mickey Brown wrote the compact with the state. Skip Hayward has and he would not fight if another tribe opened a casino. (If slots are allowed in another casino, the Pequots may no longer have to pay the state a quarter of their slots profit.) Meanwhile, Foxwoods is far ahead and has the Lumbee behind it.

"They are like this," says Carol Hayward, meeting her finger. The Lumbee supposedly see a lot of themselves in the Pequots, for the Lumbee were also "a noncommittal." Their patriarch, Tim Sin Lin Goo Ting, who was knighted by the King of Malaysia, began as a contractor who built a road to the top of a mountain and developed a consultancy there with a casino the way the Pequots have done. This company, the fifth largest in Malaysia, has casinos in Australia and the Bahamas, and assets in palm oil, shipping, rubber trees, and cruise ships. The younger Lums were educated in England and at Harvard and understood the Foxwoods area, it is said the Pequots' theme park will be similar to one the Lum have in a rain forest outside Kuala Lumpur—all of which seems painfully exotic to the Connecticut neighbors.

"It's a cycle of terror," says a local engineer in league with the Trump forces. "Foxwoods terrorizes the psyche of the people in the towns." Always resistant to outsiders, the Lumbs imagine all sorts of sinister conspiracies in the Lumbs' family with racism, drugs, and white slavery. They find it curious that the Pequots have visited China and been "welcomed" by the Communists. Lumbs even fear outsiders of the terrorist group the Shining Path creeping from Peru through the Connecticut woods to Ledyard.

It's the old war between the tribe and the towns of Ledyard, North Stonington, and Preston, where descendants of the colonists live. The old war with themes of betrayal, invasion, land grabbing. In many town meetings, which Connecticut has raised to an art form, in cranky and impassioned letters to the editor reminding that the name Pequot means "destroyer of men," the fight continues. Despite jobs for the area, neighbors of the casino object to traffic, noise, and the glow of the sign and the illumination of land that will immerse it from the sea rolls. The Pequots at one point offered each town \$5 million to end their opposition, but that did not work. They sold stories of people getting second mortgages on their homes in exchange for chips and teppich-ou gamblers in the parking lots, waving papers to their cars. Money is hoarded there, they say, though Mickey Brown

says the casino credit system is the same as Atlantic City's and that Foxwoods complies voluntarily with the banking-agency laws. The towns are suspicious about whom all the money is going. They are the poor state here, complaining they don't have the money to fight the rich political leaders.

"The big story there is organized crime. Al Capone is there," says Trump, speaking of Indian casinos in general. "No one likes Indians as much as Donald Trump," he began in his notorious "they don't look like Indians" speech (which one congressman called the most offensive he had heard in nineteen years), and this has become his current crusade.

The townspeople talk of a separate nation, a level playing field. Then there is the same controversy. The Pequots are not happy with the bronze statue erected in Mystic in 1980 of John Mason with his sword drawn. The plaque reads "To commemorate the heroic actions of Captain John Mason and his men who confronted the Pequot Indians and preserved the settlers from destruction. A and American hero."

"This was the place we fell as a nation, the end of our reign," says Skip Hayward. "The colonists declared our entrance into the future, where we are today."

In the museum under the waterfall at Foxwoods, an eighth-generation Pequot is explaining to the Scandinavians about the other Pequots, the eastern branch, which separated from the Westerns and is still divided. The Foxwauk Eastern Pequots have petitioned for recognition. Their lawyer, William Bagshaw, who is from one of the old Yankee families, says they feel they have the right to conduct gambling, but Mark Sebastian, their tribal vice-chairman, says, "We have a lot of deeply religious people. Alcohol, gambling, and gambling are not favored." Mark and his wife live in a trailer with their Indian son. "We don't have to make a million dollars a day," he says. "Something is going on now. I think it will happen soon. We have plans."

THE MILD FROM AROUND the Iron Woman's house made flicks on the clean new floors of Foxwoods. It was the middle of the night and the hunter was looking for Frank Sinatra to watch him play. The hitmaker was in a down mode, so the recorded sounds of birds, crickets, and peat frogs were in the air.

Nothing was real here but the bodies in the casino glow. It did not look much like entertainment in the middle of the night.

He got you deep in the heart of me, Sinatra was singing on a record. The hunter pursued Sinatra was upstairs now and wondered whom he thought about in the middle of the night when he sat at his piano or at home as he sent one of his many expensive electric trains whirling around the tracks.

MH, that's how a gas, and Joe, I know you're going to do, Sinatra sang, though this place gave no sign of closing. It was like a fever clinic. But it wasn't where the Iron Woman's people lived. Their place, near her house, was growing, too. The Mashantucket Pequots had come back Skip had found them. There were many cars, and things were so much better on the new casino. "Indian town" meant front doors, new, and education and white men carrying the luggage. Maybe no one should ever judge until he has seen the Old Homestead and walked with the mud on his shoes in the giant house near the Great Cedar Swamp where the Indians once hid and the rhododendrons still grow with blood in their hearts. ■



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Two years after he went to prison for a rape he says he didn't commit, the humbled ex-champ has found a weapon even more powerful than his mighty uppercut—his mind

# The Education of Mike Tyson

BY PETE HAMILL

**A**N ARTIFICIAL CHRISTMAS TREE stands in a corner of the waiting room, with a bunched-up bedsheet at its base feigning snow. Unmatched pieces of cheap furniture, some wicker, some plastic, are arranged awkwardly around the edges of the room. It could be the antiseptic lobby of a second-class motel except for the view through the picture windows behind the Christmas tree: two

parallel steel-mesh fences topped with barbed wire and a slope of sour lawn rising toward bleak walls and ten-brick buildings. The complex is called the Indiana Youth Center. But it's not a place where schoolkids play checkers or basketball on frigid afternoons. The barbed wire makes it clear that this is a jail.

So does the posted rule against bringing drugs or alcohol on visits, so does the order to place wallets and handbags in a locker in the far corner, along with all cash in excess of five dollars, any pens, notebooks, tape recorders, books, all hats and overcoats, and so does the stamping of

your hand with invisible ink, the emptying of pockets into a plastic tray, the body search, the passage through a metal detector.

The rules of entrance obeyed, I walk down a long, wide ramp into the prison, pause at a sign forbidding weapons beyond this point, and wait for a steel-rimmed glass door to be opened. Up ahead there are other such doors, with guards

and a few prisoners moving languidly along a corridor that is like an aquarium. The door in front of me pops open with a click. I turn right to a guard's booth, where I hand over my pass and am told to thrust my right hand into a hole in a wooden box. An ultraviolet light catches the stamp. I am then instructed to go through the door to the left, into the women's lounge, and give the pass to the guard behind the high desk in the corner. I do what I am told and wait. In the lounge a dozen couples sit facing each other on thick plastic-covered chairs, examining spate and pecs, drinking soda bought from machines, crying

hard to be loose, glancing warily at the clock, conscious of time. Behind them a wall of vacuum windows opens up a vista of gray grass and black, tan walls. The Indiana sky is the color of steel.

Then, suddenly, from another door, Mike Tyson appears. He smiles, gives me a hug, and says, "How are ya, buddy?"

Twenty-two months have passed since he vanished from the headlines of crime, from the bubble of champagne and the mask of women, from the gym where he prepared for his violent trade, from the arena that roared when he came after an opponent in a frenzied rush, his eyes hooded, glancing with bad intention. Twenty-two months have passed since he was sentenced to eight years in a prison-year-old, heady, constant to consume to save his own Indianapolis hotel room at nearly age 21 in the morning, who moved across the street for a while with Tyson in his rented limousine, who then went to Tyson's suite in the Caw-

fer. His second Christmas in prison, he is about 210, the belly as flat as a table, the arms as hard as mine. He looks capable of punching a hole in a prison wall.

"Buddy, I'm in good shape," he says, "but not boxing shape." He works out in the prison gym every day, a self-imposed regimen of calisthenics, weights, running. "No boxing," he says, the familiar whelpy voice dulled by a hint of regret. "They don't allow boxing in prison in Indiana." He smirks, nodding his head. "That's the rules. I got to obey the rules."

We walk over to the chairs, and Tyson sits with his back to the picture windows. His hair is cropped tight, and he's wearing a maroon and striped band on his right wrist, the first black. When I notice the tattoo. On his left leg, outlined in blue against Tyson's other-colored skin, is the bearded face of Arthur Ashe, and above it is the right side of that splendid man's body. Days of Gator. On his right hand is a tattooed portrait of Mao Tse-tung, with the name *mao* underneath it, in cursive. "Chinese" learning. I tell Tyson that it's unlikely that any other of the plant's 10 billion inhabitants are adorned with that combination of tattoos. He laughs, the familiar gold-capped tooth gleaming. He rubs the tattoo family with his huge hands.

"I love reading about Mao," he says. "Especially about the Long March and what they went through. I mean, they came into a village one time and all the men were white, and Mao wanted to know what happened, and they told him the people were so hungry they ate the bark right off the tree! What they went through. I mean, that was adversity. This."

He waves a hand airily around the visiting room but never loses the attention; he certainly feels that the Indiana Youth Center isn't compared to the Long March. I don't have to ask him about Arthur Ashe. For weeks Tyson and I have been talking by telephone, and he has spoken several times about Ashe's book.

"I never knew him," Tyson said one night. "I never liked him. He was a tennis player, know what I mean? And he looked like a black bourgeois, someone I couldn't have reached out to with. Just looking at him I said, 'Goddamn, he's ugly.' That was my way of thinking back then." A pause. "But then Spike Lee saw me in jail, and I started reading it, and in about 10 days this AIDS shit, the bastard heard I have had to hear. Being black is the greatest burden I've had to bear. Race has always been my biggest burden. . . . Even now a moment to feel like an alien, weight tied around me." It was like when? An extra angle tied around me? I mean, wow, that really got me, and I kept reading, read on every page."

On the telephone, with the great motor racket of buses in the background, or here in the visiting room of the Indiana Youth Center, Tyson makes it clear that he doesn't want to talk much about the past. He doesn't encourage sentimental evocations of the days when, as a new teenager from a reform school, he learned his trade from the old trainer Cus D'Amato in the gym above the police station in Castle, New York. He doesn't want to talk about his relationship with Don King, the flamboyant promoter whose shrewd influence wony Mamed for Tyson's decline in a fighter and enormous fall from grace. He is uncomfortable and embarrassed discussing his lost friends

and abandoned millions. He has no interest in reliving the details of the case, like another Larry Slone, indirectly releasing what happened on July 9, 1991, in room 302 of the Canterbury Hotel, or the scandalously feeble defense offered by his high-priced lawyers or his chances for a new trial. He wants to talk about what he is doing now and what he is doing to come.

**H**ISTORY IS FILLED with tales of men who used prison to educate themselves. Cervantes began *Don Quixote* in a Spanish prison, and Pablo Villa read that book, slowly and painfully, while caged in the Santiago Tlatelolco prison in Mexico City more than three hundred years later in this dread-

ful century, thousands have discovered that nobody can suppress the mind. In the end, Solzhenitsyn triumphed over Stalin's gulags, Antonio Gramsci over Mussolini's jails, Malcolm X over the jails of Massachusetts. From Primo Levi to Victor Havel, books, the mind, the imagination, has offered consolation, insight, even hope to men sent into dungeons. I don't mean to compare Mike Tyson to such men or the Indiana Youth Center to the gulags. Tyson is not serving his life-year sentence for his story, but he understands the opportunity offered by doing time and has chosen to seize the day.

"Someone in that first month here," he said one night. "I met an old con, and he pointed it all the guys playing ball or connecting, and he said to me: 'You are their guy! If that's all they do when they're in here, they'll go out and mess up and come right back.' He said to me, 'You want to make this worth something?' Go to the library. Read books. Work your mind. Start with the Ganssman." And I knew he was right."

And so Tyson embarked on an astonishing campaign of education and edification. Early on he read George Jackson's prison classic, *Solid Rocket*. "And the guy knocked me out. It was like any good book. The guy sounded like he was talking directly to me. I could hear him. I can hear him now. He made me understand a lot about the way black men end up in prison, but he didn't feel any far from it. That's what I liked. I got so caught up with this guy, he became a part of my life."

Tyson has been reading black history too. He is fascinated by the revolution in Haiti in the early nineteenth century, "the only really successful slave revolt, because blacks took power." He cites quotes from John Quincy Adams's defense of the slaves who mutinied on the Spanish ship *Afric* in 1812 off the coast of Cuba and sailed for five free days all the way to New York. "They landed in Long Island," he says. "Imagine Long Island."

The process of self-education did not begin smoothly in his first weeks in jail, Tyson enrolled in a school program, then quickly dropped out. "You know I'm out on the streets. I'm out there, or I'm running, or I'm in the bars,

I'm chasing these women. Then I come to this place after not going to school since I was twelve? Sooner? Sooner?" They let me with this thing, they said. 'Barg! Do this, do that, do this.' It was like passing a preliminary algebra in sixth or sixth change."

Disappointed angry at the teachers and himself, he dropped out for a while. "Then I started very gradually studying on my own preparing for these things. Then I took this literacy test—and blew it out of the water."

He went back to class, studying to take a high school equivalency examination and met a visiting teacher from Indianapolis named Muhammad Siddiq.

"He was just talking to the other kids one day and said, 'Does anybody need any help? If so, I'll help you in the school process.' And I said, 'Yeah, I need help. So he showed me things in a simple way."

One thing Tyson learned quickly was the use of per se and circumlocution. "I never learned that before," he says, and mused. "It's a small thing, maybe, something I should learned in grammar school. But you come from a scrambled family, you're running between the streets and school, missing days, fucking up, and you end up with these little. One thing never connects to another, and you don't know why. You don't know what you didn't learn. Like percentages. I just never learned it, it was one of the things. I mean, later on I knew what a percentage was, you know from a six million percent, but I didn't know how to do it myself. That was always the job of someone else. He laughs. "One thing more, I can figure out how to have a trip. There's restaurants out there where I should sit for free for a couple of years."

He isn't simply filling those gaping holes in his education that should have been bricked up in grammar school. He reads constantly hungrily, voraciously. One day it could be a book on pigeons, which he read with great knowledge and affection in the Victorian house where he lived with D'Amato and D'Amato's longtime companion, Camille D'Amato, whom Tyson calls "my mother." But on other days he could be reading into the history of organized crime, thrilled to discover that the old Jewish gangster Stern of Murder Inc. hung out near Queens and Lincoln Avenue in Brooklyn, walking distance from his own childhood turf. He discovered that Al Capone was from Brooklyn and went west to Chicago. And there were black gangsters too.

He talks about Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky, Harry Siegel, Frank Costello—some of the Founding Fathers of the Mob—with the same intensity and passion he gives to a strange figure to Al Rabinowitz, Mickey Walker, and Roberto Duran. The old gangster he's most impressed by is the gambler Arnold Rothstein. "He was smart—Duran Rabinowitz called him the Brain—and figured out everything without ever picking up a gun. He helped kick these prizefighter guys, like Linsky and Luciano, you know, how to win, how to dress, how to behave. In the Great Gatsby—you know by the time I was 13, Frank Fitzgerald—the gambler, old Meyer Wolfowitz, he's based on Arnold Rothstein. I mean, this guy was big."

In one way of course, studying such histories is a consolation, in a country where the percentage of young black males in prison is a way out of proportion to their numbers



King of the ring: Tyson after beating Trevor Berbick, 1986

**"Voltaire was something, man. They put him in jail and he kept writing the truth."**

bury Bond, where she sat on the bed with him, went to the bathroom and removed her pussy shield, on the way passing the door that led to the corridor and the possibility of flight. Twenty-two months since the jury believed Cesare Washington by helpless while Tyson had sex with her. Twenty-two months since the jury believed that it was perfectly normal for a rape victim to spend two more days taking part in the Miss Black America pageant of 1991. Twenty-two months since Michael General Tyson, twenty-five-year-old child of Arthur Street, Brownsville, Brooklyn, was led away—refusing to express remorse for a crime he insists he didn't commit—deprived of his freedom, his ability to earn millions, his pride.

But if there is anger in him or a sense of disillusionment neither is visible on this gray morning. He is wearing jeans and a white T-shirt—with his picture number, 60353, hand-lettered over his heart—and to a visitor who first met him when he was sixteen, he looks taller somehow. In the TV-news clip that plays every time his name is mentioned, Tyson weighs about 250 pounds, swollen and sure in a tight fitting suit as he arrives in an ironic way and holds up his cuffed hands on his way to a cell. Now, a few days be-



in the general population, it must be a relief to learn that the Irish, Italians, and Jews once filled similar cells. That Tyson's vision of organized crime is part of a larger picture.

"I want to find out how things really work. Not everything is in the history books, you know," says Tyson. "Some of those guys didn't like blacks. They sold drugs to blacks. They protected black money. They didn't respect us as human beings. But more of them couldn't read and write. The first ones came to this country ignorant, out of school, making money. They didn't have any kind of morals. They wanted to be big shots and they wanted to be respected by decent people. They tried to be gentlemen and that was their downfall. When you try to be more than what you really are you always get screwed up."

He emphasizes that gangsters are not heroes. "You can read about people without wanting to be like them," he says. "I can read about Hitler, for example, and not want to be like him, right? But you gotta know about him. You



Love to get to work. It's in an effort to change Tyson's life.

**"Being a Muslim isn't likely to make me an angel. I know I'm at the back of the line."**

gotta know what you're talking about. You gotta know what other people are talking about before you can have any kind of an intelligent discussion or argument."

So it isn't just gangsters or pigeons that are crowding Tyson's mind. He has been poring over Niccolò Machiavelli. He wrote about the world as he is. The way it really is, without all the bullshit. Now you see the French love the *Art of War*, *Dissonance*. . . He now how important it was to find out what someone's motivation was. "What do they want?" he says. "What do they want, man?"

And Voltaire. "I loved Candide. That was about the world and how you start out one thing and end up another, cause the world don't let you do the right thing most of the time. And Voltaire himself, he was something, man. He wasn't afraid. They kept putting him in jail, and he kept winning the trust."

He has recently read the *Quest of Moses* Code by Alexander Dumas, meant that the grandfather of the French writer was a black woman from Haiti. "I identify with that book," he says. "With Edmond Dantes in the *Chateau d'If*. He was unjustly imprisoned, too. And he gets educated in prison by this Italian priest." He laughs

out loud. "And he got his wings too. I understood that, I feel that. Don't get me wrong. I don't want revenge against any person. I don't mean that. I mean against evil, bad luck, whatever you want to call it."

He is familiar with the Hemingway myth that to enlightened earlier generations of Americans Hemingway the writer, Hemingway the hard drinker, Hemingway the lover. But he also most passionately about Hemingway the writer. "He says those short, hard words, just like books and appreciate inside. You always know what he's saying," says Tyson. "He says it very clearly that a guy like Francis Bacon, he, the sentences just go on and on and on."

Obviously, Tyson is not reading literature for simple entertainment, as a diversion from the solace of prison routine. He is making connections between books and words: noting distinctions about style and ideas, measuring the content of books against his life as he learns it. Like he is not taking a formal course in literature, so I asked him one night how he made the choices about what he reads.

"Sometimes it's just the books that come to me. People send them and I read them. But sometimes, most of the time, I'm looking. For example, I'm reading that thing about Hemingway and he says he doesn't ever want to fight ten rounds with Tolson. So I say, 'Hey, I better check out this guy Tolson.' I did, too. It was hard. I sat there with the dictionary beside me, looking up words. But I like him. I don't like his writing that much because it's so complicated, but I just like the guy's way of thinking."

Along with literature, Tyson has been reading biographies. Miss Karl Marx, George Nixon, Herman Cohen. In casual talk, he scatters references to Humboldt, Alexander de Grey, Oliver Cromwell. "When you read about these individuals, regardless of whether they're good or bad, they contribute to us a different way of thinking. But no one can really label them good or bad. What actually knows the definition of good or bad? Good and bad might have a different definition to me than it may have in Hitler's Dictionary than it may have to us."

He knows that for his life, the models in books might not always apply. But in all such books, he insists that he finds something of value.

"I was reading *Moby-Angela*," he said one evening, "and she said something that equates with me so much. People always say how great a writer she is, and people say to me to read it. Well, she's got a point. Anybody you read can't even have to read it. You know how hard it is for me to do that? It was an eighty-one second? Did you know what it takes away from me? And Maya Angelou said about herself it takes so much from me to write, takes a lot out of me. In order for me to do that, she says, to perform at this level, it takes everything. It takes my personality. It takes my creativity as an individual. It takes away my social life. It takes away so much. And when she said that, I said, 'Holy moly, this person understands me.' They don't understand why a person can go crazy when you're totally normal and you're involved in a situation that takes all of your normal qualities away. It takes away all your inner qualities."

In prison Mike Tyson is discovering the many roads back to sanity.

ONE OF THOSE ROADS is called Islam. Tyson was raised a Catholic by his mother, Lorna, and during the upheaval in that time before he went to jail, he was baptized as a favor to Don King in a much-publicized ceremony presided over by Jesse Jackson. But water, prayer, and photographs didn't make him a born-again Christian. "That wasn't real," he says now. "As soon as I got baptized, I got one of the girls in the choir and went to a hotel room or my place or something."

Now he has embraced Islam. In a vague way, he'd known about Islam for years; you could not grow up in the era of Mohammed Ali and know nothing about it. "But I was avoiding it because people would press it on me. I'd say something like 'people pressed on me. They wanted me to do the right thing—and Islam, I believe, is the right thing—but all these people wanted me to do the right thing for the wrong reasons.'"

In prison, through his teacher, Muhammad Siddiq, Tyson started more slowly, reading on his own about the religion, asking questions. He means that Siddiq is not a reverent version of Our Father. "He's just a good man," he says, "and a good teacher." Nor does Tyson sound like a man who is making a convenient choice as a means of surviving in jail. He admits that "there are guys who become Muslims in jail to feel safe—and give it up the day they hit the street again." Tyson might do the same. But in repeated conversations, he sounded as if he'd found in Islam another means of finding some of his beliefs.

"I believe in Islam," he said one night. "That's true. It's given me a great deal of understanding. And the Koran gives me insight into the world, and the belief of a man who believes that God has given him the right to speak his word, the prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him. I look at Islam from different perspectives, just as I look at everything else. I find it so beautiful because in Islam you have to tolerate any religion, you know what I mean? Cause everyone has different beliefs. Most so-called religious leaders are so blind. Nobody knows that, know organized religion was a scam. Their object is power. They want power."

Tyson's skepticism about organized religion includes some of the sects and factions within Islam. His pledge has allegiance to none of them.

"One day says, I believe in Islam, I live out of the Koran." Well, I believe in that but also that, please. . . . They got a sect here and a sect there. Unbelievable. I just don't understand that. How can I be a Muslim and yet be a Muslim, but we have two different beliefs?"

Tyson drinks of Islam on one empty a religion, but a kind of discipline. He says he prays five times a day. The Koran is a daily part of his reading (but obviously not the only reading he does). "And you know, I got a soldier's mouth," he laughed. "But I've out down my mouth at least 30 percent." He clearly needs to believe in something larger than himself, but his choice of Islam is crowded with a revolt against certain aspects of Christianity.

"If you're a Christian," he says, "and somebody's a Christian longer than you, they can dictate to you about your life. You know, that is what you should do, and if you don't do that, you're uncomfortable. I just found that because . . . in conflict with human qualities, you know what I mean? I couldn't understand why a person couldn't be a human and have problems and just be dead with and helped. In Islam there's nobody who can put you in your place. They can be let you know that it's wrong, you must help on that. But the only one that can judge you is Allah."

I asked Tyson how he could reconcile his embrace of Islam with the fact that many of the slave traders were Muslims. The heroes of the Middle Passage often began with men who said they accepted Allah. Tyson answered in a cool way.

"Look, everyone in Arabia was a slave, know what I mean? They had white slaves, black slaves, Arab slaves, Muslim slaves. Everybody there was a slave. But the slave traders were committing Islam and the beliefs of Islam. The prophet Muhammad, he wasn't a slave trader or a slave. As a matter of fact, the Arabs were trying to sell him, to enslave him. People were people. But Europeans took slavery to a totally different level. Instead, substitute, abhorrence. But you can't condemn all the Jews or all the Muslims because they crucified Christ, can you?"

Tyson emphasizes one thing: He's a neophyte in his understanding of Islam and he's not in a hurry to learn.

"Being a Muslim," Tyson says, "is probably not going to make me an angel in heaven, but it's going to make me a better person. In Islam we're not supposed to compete. Muslims only compete for righteousness. I know I'm probably at the back of the line. But I know I'll be a better person when I get out there. I was when I came in."

FOR THE MOMENT, jail is the great reality of Tyson's life. Unless a court orders a new trial or overturns his conviction, he will remain in prison until the spring of 1995. The Indiana Youth Center is a medium-to-high-security facility and looks relatively tame compared with some of the others I've seen in New York and California. Forlorn is the great enemy. "I get up and out and go to class," he says, explaining that he doesn't eat in the prison dining room, because "the food is awful," but goes to a commissary where he can buy packaged salad, cereal, and other food, paying from a prison account called the Book. He works out in the gym every day, shadow-boxing, doing push-ups, running laps to keep his legs strong and light. "There's nothing else to do," he says. "You gotta keep busy so you don't go crazy."

But it's still prison. For now it's the place where Mike Tyson is doing time, using all of his self-discipline to get through it alive.

"I've never on anybody's bad side," he says. "Even though there's guys in here just don't like the way you



lyn in the middle of the night, pulling up in front of the progress and one of my friends will be there, knocking bars. I'll get out the car, and we'll talk there, like from 4:00 to the morning until 5:00 or 10:00. People are going to work, and we're just talking." A pause. "I miss that."

He muses that he doesn't miss what he calls the craziness. "It was all unreal. Want to go to Paris? Want to fly to Russia? Sure. Why not? Let me have two of those and three of them and five of those. Nobody knows what it's like—time, millions—unless they went through it. It was unreal, unreal. I had a thousand women, the best champagne, the fanciest hotels, the fanciest cars, the greatest meals—and it got me here."

He does have some specific plans for the future. "I want to visit all the great cities. I want to see the great libraries," he says. "One of the few things I did that improved me was going to Paris that time and visiting the Louvre. I was distressed by that place, man. I want to see all of that, everywhere."



J. L. Scott/PhotoDisc/Getty Images for Sports Illustrated

**"I had a thousand women, the fanciest cars, the best meals. And it got me here."**

Yes, he said, he will be again. He will be twenty-eight when he returns, the same age as Ali when he made his comeback and certainly younger than George Foreman when he made his. He also reportedly about active fighters and how they looked in their loose boxes, because he only sees brief clips on CNN. "I'm a fighter," he says. "That's what I do. I was born to do this."

He wants to make money, nobody knows how much Tyson has left, not even Tyson, but his return to boxing could be the most lucrative campaign in history of sport. "I want to have money for a family," he says. "In the end, that's how you can decide what kind of man I was. Not by how many guys I knocked out. But by the way I took care of my kids, how I made sure they went to college, that they had good homes and never worried for nothing. And what I taught them. About the world. About themselves." Tyson would even agree to say college himself. "I'd like to go to a black college that's not well-known," he says, "to study and learn. But also to have some kind of education, too, fight to benefit the college. I don't have to fight benefits for a church or a mosque. But the black college, that I want to do."

In the end, of course, all education is self-education, and Tyson is clearly deep into the process. The faculty of Tyson's university includes Cas D'Amato and Alexander Dumas, Machiavelli and the prophet Muhammad, Daniel Schacter and Ernest Hemingway, and dozens of others. Part of the curriculum includes what some academics call life experience. There are millions of college graduates who don't know what Tyson knows. About writers and thinkers. About life itself.

"A lot of people get the misconception that by being five that you're fat," he said. "That's not necessarily true. There's more people on the outside who are in prison than I'll ever be in here." He chuckles. "You know, it's funny to fall. But it's a crime to stay down and not get up after you fall. You must get up."

In the visitor's lounge at the Indiana State Center, he smiles when a woman offers to buy him a soda. "Sorry, thank you, but I don't drink soda." He looks at his hands. Twenty-two months earlier, he'd come to this clubhouse cage like a man knocked down. When he started school, he got to one knee. Now he's standing up.

"I know that," he says. "When I get out, I'm gonna be in charge of my own life. I used to listen to others. I'd say, 'Hey, I'm the boss.' But then I'd leave it to people, to Cas, to Don King, whatever. But that's what you do when you're a kid. You can't do that when you're a man."

I enter some bantering about the dangers that might still confront him on the outside, how powerful the pull of the ghetto spent might be when the bad guys from the neighborhood come calling on him again.

"Well, that's no problem anymore," he says and laughs. "They're all dead."

He turns and glances at the picture window. Far where snowflakes are now falling from the steel-colored sky, out there in the world of highways, car washes, diners, and motels. Another prisoner's name is called, and a black man rises and touches his woman's face. Time is running out.

"Sometimes I get so frustrated in here, I just want to cry," says the fighter who once described himself as the hardest man on the planet. "But I don't. I can't. Because years from now, when that is long behind me, I want to know I went through it like a man. Not to impress anyone else. But to know it myself, know what I mean."

A departing visitor nods, recognizing Tyson, and he nods back, a look granted like an autograph. He turns to me again, his hands reaching each other, his right leg bouncing like a tempo.

"When you die, nothing matters but the cash," Tyson says abruptly. "On your tombstone, it says 1953-2005, or something like that. The only thing that matters is that date. That date is your life. How you live is your life. And were you happy with the way you lived it?"

A guard calls Tyson's name now. Time is up. Tyson goes slowly. He tells me to send his best to friends in New York. He promises to stop in touch. We embrace awkwardly. He looks as if he wants to freeze the moment, freeze time itself. Then he turns and nods politely to the guard and flashes a final goodbye grin to his visitor.

"Take care," number 60335 says, and returns to the world of rules, to sleep another night where the snow never falls.

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# RIVER, WITH LOVE AND ANGER

His friends and family have tried to turn River Phoenix into a martyr for a fallen earth. But as they struggle to craft meaning out of a squalid drug death, they've begun to wonder how well they ever really knew him.

BY TAD FRIEND

**I**F RIVER PHOENIX sat on the edge of the stage and beckoned everyone over. The 150 people in Phoenix Studios' screening room gathered around his disciples. A short, slim woman with graying hair, Hirst has a starchy way of soothing fears. The moment needed her now, her son River's memorial service had been wrenching. During these tributes, Christine Lahti, River's mother-in-law, as Betty, and Lisa Blount, River's agent and "second mother," had broken down.

They and others had roiled Phoenix's mercurial abandon, his peculiar combination of heart-stopping innocence and agonized wisdom, his "yogan," or atmosphere, beliefs, and, above, the supple beauty of his acting. Seeking consolation, they had groped to trace in Phoenix's life a narrative arc, a theme, even a moral.

But River Phoenix had a stubborn case of the vagabond disease that afflicts children. He affected others deeply yet narrowly before moving on. His Hirst was not the only one present who had personally witnessed, in the three weeks since Phoenix's death, whether she had really known him, whether he hadn't been acting a part around her.

Hirst spoke, holding Rob Reiner's hand for support. Her hopes for her son had always been on a wholly different plane than most stage mothers'. "We believed we could use the mass media to help change the world," as Hirst puts it now, "and that River would be our missionary." She tried to explain that calling to the mourners, saying that she'd sensed from the beginning, as her labor contracted to those and a half days, that River didn't want to be in the world. She told how she had woken two days after his death, understanding for the first time why dawn is called "morning," and suddenly had a vision of how God had tried to convince River to be born one more time. River told God, "I'd rather stay up here with you." So they bargained, Hirst said, testing. God was persuasive, and River offered to go for five years, and then ten, and finally agreed to visit earth, but only for twenty-three years.

A beaute silence filled the room, vibrating like a sustained bass note. "I was shocked by how many strong, grown-up people River had gotten to in such a deep,



**Diffusioned  
innocence:**  
The others find  
his image as  
a blues singer.

emotional woe" says director Alan Myrie. "We were all untill," says actor and publicist Mickey Carroll. "The room seemed almost brilliantly beautiful."

Here, then, arrived others to speak. After a further season's delay, director John Boorman suddenly blurted out from the corner of the stage: "Is there anybody here who can tell us why River took all those drugs?"

The question passed in the air. River's young man, Liberty and Sennet, ran out, and Heart looked astonished.

And then Samantha Macho, Phoenix's girlfriend and the co-star of his last completed movie, *The Thing Called Love*, spoke from the front row for the first time. "River was a sensitive," she said with great restraint, using the word as a noun. "He had so much compassion for everyone and everything on his list, on his heart." She paused and added that Phoenix "was obsessive. When he wanted to see an artifact he would eat on it at a time. He did everything to that degree."

Macho was a brave statement, as she had been hostile with Phoenix for breaking his vows to stay drug-free. But her glow in Phoenix's life—that he was a dynamic hero, killed by cocaine pills and hunger—passed a long line of unyielding theories. For instance, that "this innocent little bird got his wings clipped in the most evil way in the world" (Jim Henson), that he was a morally blind-purging hypocrite who got what he deserved (the *National Inquirer*, et al.), that an artist had used the rules of Method acting as his (Peter Bogdanovich).

Each theory is alluring because it provides an answer to the middle of human motivation, but finally unsatisfying because it seems not quite the answer. "John Boorman's question was a good one," Heart Phoenix says now. "It's what everyone was thinking: 'Why when you're living that dream, when you can have any car, any house, any girl, you're so famous—why? Why?' The only understanding I can come up to is that River knew the earth was dying and that he was ready to give his passing as a sign."

But River Phoenix's story is not just a passion play; it is also a drama of fierce internal conflict. It was Phoenix's kindness and awe, after all, that so believably harked the solemn in the characters he played. And it was that bewitching confusion that later led him to drugs.

"He's already being made into a martyr," says Phoenix's first and longest love, actress Martha Plimpton. "He's become a metaphor for a fallen angel, a messiah. He wasn't. He was just a boy, a very good-hearted boy who was very fucked-up and had no idea how to implement his good intentions. I don't want to be conformed by his death. I think it's right that I'm angry about it, angry at the people who helped him stay rock, and angry at River."



**Couch trippers:** River (second from left) and band in 1983

"Why," asks his mother, Heart, "when you can have any car, any house, any girl, you're so famous—why? Why?"

**T**HE MAIN THING in film acting is something going on in the face," said Gus Van Sant, "and with the right good ones, it's pure." Van Sant was in the basement of his sprawling Tudor house in Portland, Oregon, sitting at his desk with a pen. On a living room floor of River Phoenix in *My Secret Friend*, Van Sant's film about Mike Warren (Phoenix) and Scott (Kevin Kline), two street hustlers who move to Idaho and study looking for Mike's mother. We've been just heard the other side's report on Phoenix's bloodstained, cocaine and morphine (metaphorical) heroes, each in comic doses, as well as scenes of marijuana and "Whores." "You don't read it as pure"—Van Sant drew on a Cereb and moved closer, scrutinizing River's half-smiled face—"but when you really look, it's pure."

Phoenix was never photographed grinning and very rarely smiling. He interested cameras. And yet it was the camera that had Phoenix's image as a disaffected innocent: Mike's Narcissism, the Southern stage, once depicted on the TV in his New York hotel room and was turned in by the last half of the *Moment* crew, in which Phoenix weeps over his musical dying father. Narcissism wrote the ballad "River Phoenix (Letter to a Young Artist)" to celebrate that moment.

During Mike's filming in the fall of 1990, nine cast and crew members, including Phoenix and Keanu Reeves, slept on scattered furniture in Van Sant's house. It was a collage done, a crisis, a family. Van Sant showed me his garage, where a home film garage band of Phoenix and Reeves and other Mike actors, as well as Flea, the Red Hot Chili Peppers' bass player, once jammed late at night.

They played the songs, off-kilter friends Phoenix had written for himself and for his band, *Alibi's Alike*—"Born to the music with twisted people will follow" or "Hey, lo, where did you hole go?" They played the Beatles and Led Zeppelin, balancing snippets on Van Sant's black BMW and drinking wine, smoking marijuana. Sometimes they ended up in cars with Phoenix as he talked about the swirling rain forests.

Back up the passageway was a grey-carpeted landing where Phoenix played guitar after everyone else had turned in. He liked the silence's particular echo and played there, conceptually, until his fingers bled. Mike was his true love, when he crumbled for himself after he'd quit acting.

Phoenix's musical knowledge was encyclopedic, but he had never seen a Juan Demo film, much less one with Cream Wilkie. When director Peter Bogdanovich called him about *The Thing Called Love*, he discovered that Phoenix hadn't heard of him or his movies. Says Van Sant: "River was interested in movies only as they applied to his own character-drawing."

Of his roles, the character Phoenix drew in Mike resembled him most "kind of isolated, a nerd, a meek," as Phoenix's friend Bobby Bakowski puts it. Mike Warren, as written by Van Sant, is a narcissistic street hustler who sleeps with men to get by. Phoenix completely misread a complex scene with Keanu Reeves as that it becomes the

scene's fulcrum. Mike haltingly admits his feelings for Scott and says, "I really want to kiss you, man." "The character I wrote was blasé and noncommittal," Van Sant says. "River made him gay and comical, he redlined him with emotions."

Phoenix, who loved to analyze and comment, found the low-life Van Sant a challenge. "River was always doing things like saying, 'I just love you,' and hanging to hang me," says Van Sant. "I'd freeze, maybe because my father used to grab my knee in a certain way River didn't like that, so he'd hug me again, and I'd freeze again, and he'd yell at me."

Hugging Phoenix could be complex. "When he was being aloof I'd impulsively try to trap him in an emotional moment by hugging him, and he'd flip out of my arms," says Alan Myrie, the script doctor for *The Thing Called Love*. "For me, it was like I'd break up and hug me from behind. He wanted it to be his spontaneity, and more creative—he'd misread you, but you would consider yourself hugged."

Phoenix was into the mechanics of "spiking," or shooting up heroin.

**A**FTER TALKING with Van Sant, I went with Mike Parker to Portland's Voltaire Alley outside the City's seedy gay nightclub where boys in young as twelve roll for forty-dollar "dances" from cruising jobs. Parker, twenty-three, a friend of Van Sant's who is a former runaway, was Phoenix's main source for the character of Mike Warren. The two of them often came down here at night to watch pickups. "River would do what I had told him was a draggish," Parker said diffidently, "looking at young and innocent as possible, going boys of respectable laughter, doing this." He scuffed his feet boyishly. "All the morning tricks."

Parker's quick, shy eye movements, his graceful hand gestures, emerging from head-down repose, were exactly Phoenix's in Mike Parker and he felt Phoenix "mimicking" those moves. "But River was really interested in the brotherhood of the kids out here, how we were looking for acceptance and some man to be close to, looking for family."

Phoenix was also curious about what Parker called "the glamour of men wanting to touch our bodies." While filming his previous movie, *Dogfight*, Phoenix had received oral sex from another male actor, saying he "needed to do it because he was going to play a gay hustler." He had other brief involvements with men over the years, and it was no big deal to friends who knew Phoenix wasn't shy. "I've never had a relationship," he told somebody more or less, "but I've never had a relationship." "If he loved somebody more or less," says one of Phoenix's longtime girlfriends, Suzanne Soljes, "he felt he should check it out."

"River dropped chess about his sexuality, but I never

really followed them up," says Van Sant, who to play Phoenix asked countless questions about Van Sant's relationship with his boyfriend. "What, exactly do you do in bed? Which side do you sleep on? Do you ever tell him to shut up if you're angry at him, do you still buy him an expensive birthday present?" Van Sant says, "I would laugh because these questions were so personal, and he'd say 'What? What?'"

In late 1991, a gay filmmaker (not Van Sant) staying at the Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles heard a knock at midnight and discovered Phoenix outside, drunk and waiting to talk about his struggles with homosexuality. The filmmaker assumed him that it would all work out. Phoenix's friends say that this moment may have been about, dismissed—he seemed at times to try on misplaced emotions, applying the Method to his life. Phoenix realized that these virtual reality scenes left a confusing trail, and confused in an interview that by his leaving "bad and changed scenes and compromised myself... you could read five different articles and say, 'This guy is schizophrenic.'"

A self-described channeler, Phoenix almost religiously "entered the domain of the role into himself," as Bobby Bakowski puts it. Bakowski was the cinematographer on *Dogfight*, in which Phoenix played a marine. "After *Dogfight*, I remember thinking he was being a real jerked asshole—it took a month for him to become sweet again," Bakowski says, "and the sweet-sweet character in Mike stayed with him and played into the whole drug thing."

Mike Warren's naive glamour left its residue. Mike marked the real beginning of the struggle in Phoenix's life between his "drug life" and his "good," or sobriety, between his age to party and his age to withdraw, between his age to help himself and his age to help himself.

The struggle seemed almost to exist itself on his face. "You made him the focus of energy in every scene, the centrifugal force so strong you could see it in his face for control," says Dennis Mulcahy, who later co-wrote with Phoenix in *Sliver* and *The Thing Called Love*. "The off-camera eye [Phoenix's left right eye] read as madness, and the other read pure sanity. In a close-up, from one side he was the gay nut doc, and from the other he was absolutely sane."

Phoenix had long been intrigued by the drug culture in Jacksonville Beach, near his home in Miami, Florida. On New Year's Day 1992, he watched a rough cut of Van Sant's previous movie, *Dogfight*, and was fascinated by the mechanics of "spiking," or shooting up. He read pharmaceutical brochures and learned some facts, and that fall in Portland smoked heroin seven times.

"River started with heroin out of malice, and because it's a different drug, but then the movie changed," says Phoenix's friend Mike Elbert, a former addict and hustler who advised him on his Mike role. "Heroin makes you reflect, you look inside—and then you hit the concrete question of looking into the chaos."



**Protagonist:** With *David by Me*, 1988, he scored critical acclaim and took risks

"He was always pushing how far he could go," says Van Sant. "He'd go, 'Can I say I feel like jerking off?'"

**O**NCE WHEN we were officers, River and I went out for a fancy dinner in Manhattan," says Martha Plimpton, "and I ordered soft-shell crabs. He left the restaurant and walked around on Park Avenue, crying. I went out and he said, 'I love you so much, why?' " He had such pain that I was eating an animal, that he hadn't expressed on me what was right. "His voice slowed, becoming ragged. "I loved him for that, for his dramatic desire that we share every belief, that I be with him all the way."

Phoenix's friends often ended up being veggie like him. "He'd say about meat, 'That's not good for you, man, that'll kill you,'" says Peter Dinklage. "And he'd be smoking a cigarette, and he'd look at it and say, 'I know, man, I know.'" Phoenix scorched through people's smokers very fast. He had a gift for making everyone feel like his closest friend. He was a celebrator, "the kind of guy," says his friend Wade Davis, "that if you walked outside and it was snowing, you know that the first thing on his mind was making a snowball."

He was both reflectively and spontaneously generous, serving himself last at dinners, noting that his silent Tinseltown co-star, Shelia Taubey, be given his entrée because she appears so much more than in reality, jumping to his feet when Kevin Kline beat him for best supporting actor at the 1985 Academy Awards. "I had to stop River from running to hug Kevin," his mother says. "It never crossed his mind that he hadn't won."

His public responses were often that unexpected. "He told me he didn't have a sense of humor until he was nine," says Gus Van Sant, "and that he never really got to logic, the surprise of the unexpected. You know: An elephant and a hippo go into a bar, something is introduced, punch line. And he'd be like, 'Yeah, so what happened there?'"

Phoenix was the champ of hanging out. Many of his friends were much older, and he would spend days at once weeks with them, writing poetry, drinking wine, making wild wishes, wrestling, playing trashes (with considerably more enthusiasm than skill), cooking veggies (dibs), scarfing Japanese and Indian food. He couldn't sit still to be bored. "If the news was on when he came over to my house, he'd make a face at the TV and then leave," says Josh Greenbaum, the drummer in Alkin's Arise. Phoenix was always on the phone, making funny little go movements with his hands and face, singing "Hey, Jude" when he was feeling heady. Jude was his middle name, the Beatles song had arrived in the world, like River, in 1950.

When he was uncomfortable, Phoenix's forthright energy could seem like arrogance. He'd write a song, decide "It's brilliant, brilliant," and refuse to change a word. "He was always pushing how far he could go," says Van Sant, in a comment echoed by others. "He'd go, 'Can I say I feel like jerking off? Why can't I say that? Why? Why can't I say that?' If you said, 'Not so loud' he'd think that was a funny reaction, like you were punning. He'd get into shouting matches with people, where they were both screaming. 'You fucking moron!' but he'd end up liking them. He liked people who didn't let him get away with things."

He told some skinheads, "Go ahead, kick my ass, just explain why you're doing it." They were dumbfounded.

**P**HOENIX'S SKEPTICISM of social conventions came from a childhood where outside has become a singular fable of innocence. The outline: He was born in a log cabin in Madras, Oregon, to John and Arlyn (who later renamed herself Heart), survivors first-packer who named him after the river of life in Herman Hesse's novel *Siddhartha*. The family joined the Children of God sect, then moved to Venezuela as missionaries in 1975. River and his younger sister, Rian, sang spirituals on the street to raise money while the family slept in a car refueled near the beach.

They left the church and took a freighter back to Florida in 1977. Inspired by Joazeiro, age three, who'd seen men kill fish against the hull during the voyage home, River and Rian, ages seven and five, convinced the rest of the family to adopt the vegan, Garden of Eden ideal of not using animals, even down to not using milk and honey. In 1980 the family drove their Volkswagen bus to Los Angeles, depending on River in particular, but also Rian and Joazeiro, known as Leo, to make it big in entertainment.

The children sang on street corners and arranged casting decisions, greeting them with kisses and an airy "Hi, we love you." They had no sense of greed or ambition; they simply danced in the sun. When Phoenix first saw a western upon returning from Venezuela, he was convinced that "compassionate paid people's families money to kill them. I just believed it."

At age eleven, Phoenix was on the TV show *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*; at sixteen, he was acclaimed as both an actor and a teen hunk for his role in *Stand by Me*. In 1987 the Phoenixes returned to Gainesville, and River bought the family a spread in nearby Moonrope in 1989, as well as a ranch in Costa Rica.

In many respects Phoenix's was a magical childhood—no television, no formal schooling after fifth grade, and an amazing encouragement to care for others and to share his feelings. Consider how Phoenix has his vintage *Age of Enlightenment*, on location for *Stand by Me* in Oregon. Phoenix was enamored of an eighteen-year-old family friend. They came to Heart and John and asked, "Can we have your good wishes?" River's parents, far from objecting, discussed a test for the couple. "It was a beautiful experience," says Heart.

Phoenix's tutor, Dark Drake, recalls some white-power skinheads taunting Phoenix at a party in 1988. "He smiled with an unbelievable innocence," Drake says, "and said, 'If you really want to kick my ass, go ahead, just explain to me why you're doing it.' The skinheads were dumbfounded. One guy started to say, 'Ah, you wouldn't be worth it.' And River said, 'We're all worth it, man, we're all worth millions of planes and stars and galaxies and universes.'"

Phoenix was always creating families as he traveled, making new "brothers" and "sisters" and, particularly, "fathers," like Harrison Ford on *The Mosquito Coast*. Kevin Michael, who was "dad to buddy son" with the sixteen-year-old Phoenix on the set of *A Night in the Life of Jimmy Riley*.

**Karwin chameleons:** Phoenix confessed that he had had about himself so much that he didn't thought, "This guy is schizophrenic."



des, remembers calling him a few years later on New Year's Day. "I can't understand why we're talking right now," Phoenix said, almost respectfully. "When you make a film you're a family, but when the film is over so is the family."

The mutant may have been preceded by some of Phoenix's own first difficulties. For his upbringing, also concerned a deep contradiction. He found himself part Atlas, shouldering the pain of the world, and part Artemus, receiving strength only from contact with the unpolished earth.

Says Martha Plimpton, who stayed with the Phoenixes after she and River met while filming *The Mangrove* over in Belize, "I lost River's family; they brought him up to believe he was a pure soul who had a message to deliver to the world."

"But as moving around all the time, changing schools, keeping to themselves, and detaching America," Plimpton continues, "they created this notion inside of him that River was never scared—he was never prepared for dealing with crowds and with Hollywood, for the world in which he'd have to deliver that message. And furthermore, when you're in love, to have to think of yourself as a prophet is unfair."

"Our kids were so comfortable with everyone, so mature," Heart Phoenix responds. "But as River grew" she admits, "he did become more and more uncomfortable being the poster boy for all good things. He often said he wished he could just be anonymous. But he never was. When he wasn't a movie star, he was a missionary. There's a beauty in that—the man with the cause, the leader—but there's also a deep loneliness."

The family had had prophet problems before. They'd actually led the Children of God because its leader, David Berg, began consensually the women in his flock to achieve potential, eventually came known as "Tiney" being—and possibly referred to them as hookers for Jesus. Berg also advocated incest and sex with toddlers, and mailed children with graphic pictures of molestation. The Phoenixes felt betrayed, and River finally called about the sect. "They're disgusting," he would say angrily. "They're ruining people's lives."

River also had problems with his father, John Phoenix, a bearded, poetic man who hated cities. Phoenix largely all heard John, wrote songs with him, and before his death was planning to direct a movie about John's auto-punctured throat, called *By Way of Romance*, with Jacques playing John. But John had problems with alcohol, indeed, drinking on in his family.

"River would drink with his dad, so they could relate," says Suzanne Solgar. "But he worried the disease was in his bloodline." Says Martha Plimpton, "We had five million talks about his compulsive personality and his guilt and fear over not being able to love his father."

"His parents saw him as their savior," Plimpton says, "and treated him as the father." Eventually, because the family was so generous about sheltering him, took up to a dozen people lived near or on the Macnaggy property as a movie home, two travel trailers, and in Phoenix's apartment above his recording studio, River supported them all.

Known to River's self-fashioned friends as "the Klingon" or "the toffs mafia," they worked as gardeners, security guards, waitresses, or street grocery-vendors. Many of them were gentle spirits when Phoenix loved being around. "But in River's mind he was their father," Bobby Bakowski says. "And he had some anger about that."

"River and his father were always having breakthrough conversations where River would tell his father his feelings

about alcohol, about their roles," Plimpton says. "But the next day nothing would change. River would then say to me, 'Well, it's not that serious, it's not that bad.'"

Phoenix had begun hearing the same refrain from Phoenix about himself. "The really thick getting drunk and high," she says. "But he didn't have a drug for when to stop. When we were up, a lot of it was that I had learned that screaming, fighting, and begging wasn't going to change him, that he had to change himself, and that he didn't want to yet."

## He knew almost everyone his age in the business had smoked, snorted, or shot up—drugs are the mainstream.

**P**HOENIX TRIED to keep things lighter with his most girlfriends, Suzanne Solgar. When he met her, at a party, he shyly introduced himself as "Ray," and when another woman there said she was sure he was River Phoenix he denied it. "I'm not that guy. I'm nothing like him." "He was very private and mysterious," Solgar says. "We never talked much about our past or who we were, though I was always curious."

When they broke up last January, after three and a half years, it was for a familiar reason. "He didn't waste me nagging him," Solgar says, "pointing out the contradiction between his public stance and what he was doing to his body."

Phoenix responded that his body was "his home." But concerned by his public responsibility, he'd worry aloud, "What would these twelve-year-old girls with a picture of me over their bed think if they knew?" (He didn't even want his fans to know he smoked and worried interviewers on that point.) Then he'd get angry that he was "under the microscope" and couldn't just cut loose like a normal young man.

All along he was a shepherd to friends who were really cutting loose. He knew that almost everyone his age in the business had smoked, snorted, or shot up. That drug, long a sign of rebellion against the mainstream, now on the mainstream.

And that whereas it used to take years for parents to tell their sons to go to bed, with alcohol, now they can do so instantly and without really trying.

"He had called me twice in the last couple of years to ask me to intervene with friends," says Bob Timmons, a drug counselor for Range State, Arcata, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers, among others. "And he said he was just casually asking that he was concerned with his time and money to making sure these people didn't die. In one case he drove [a prominent musician] to a clinic in Arizona."

In June of '91, Phoenix

was horrified to hear that a famous young actor he'd worked with had shot to death because that his arm had abscessed, taking his film for three days. Phoenix confided his friend and got him to admit "that it was true, that it had finished him out, and that he hadn't done any crack since."

Still, by 1991 the evidence that Phoenix had his own problem was there to read. "You'd have to be really dumb or naive not to know he was high when he was," says Bobby Bakowski. "He was so clearly high he was like an alien."

In December 1991, Dirk Drake, who tutored all the Phoenix children, had a screaming match with Phoenix at his house in Los Angeles. Film was away and River was sharing space with several of his friends, who would become known as River's drug friends. One of them, in a drug-induced jealous rage, had chased Phoenix around the house with a leather knife.

"I told him I was faster than the glimmer these friends attached to drug [heroin]," Drake recalls. "Don't worry," Phoenix said, "I have the fear of God." Drake sarcastically told him to become a Baptist preacher. "No, no," Phoenix said—he'd meant his unique sense of religious devotion. "I want to be to see what the higher power's purpose is for me."

None of the people Phoenix tried to help offered him in return, indeed, in an embarrassing scene, the Roman Brown, heroin that helped kill Phoenix was given by a friend he'd gotten into rehab. There are several reasons Phoenix wasn't fugged down. His drug use came in spurts, and he was often clean, even close friends saw him infrequently and had difficulty assessing the problem, particularly as he bounced back well the next day, he had a

beginning streak of generosity, telling friends "a really amazing number" about his exploits and assuring them "what those doctors are saying" was true, and he had a magnificent authority that converted even knowledgeable addicts that he was in control. "He fooled a lot of people and he fooled himself," says Suzanne Solgar. "He was a great actor."

## "He'd often be high when he called," says Martha Plimpton. "His language would become totally incoherent."

**A**S HE GREW AWAY from his family in the last three years of his life, Phoenix's missionary goals began to change. He never recovered from vegetarians, neurodiversity, and universal love, and he still gave to Earth Star, Earth Star, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, Greenpeace, and Farm Animals for Humans, among others. But he'd stolen his own private life. He was going to build a school in Costa Rica, and was

luckily happy working on a (still-secret) nationwide education project for middle and high schools.

Tower realized that his family's dream had been a little simplistic, "says one close friend. "The idea that when he brought up new friends in Costa Rica he was preventing Third World people from making a living there left him confused and unhappy."

Some of Phoenix's core precepts began to undergo a little reexamination. A director recalls, "He'd say to me, 'How about we do this movie when my brother and I and this goiter bear—some strange and monstrous person River had taken under his wing for a few days—travel across the country killing people—no, my first we fuck them, and then we murder them.' He was kidding, but he was also wondering how to get people's attention and blow their minds."

Making movies had become more of a chore, and it's noteworthy that aside from James Whiggle, his unduly needy country singer in *The Thing Called Love*, Phoenix's last film didn't amount to much. The brief optimism of the business depressed him. While filming *Snake* in 1991, a movie he advised friends not to see, he grumpily told a friend, "I want to make a million on my next picture, as realistic as the one after that, and a million on the one after that." (He did, in fact, make 5 million for *The Thing*.)

"He was very disappointed that his money never hit," says Dirk Drake. "In the late '80s he had always felt it was just a matter of days before the world would be heading itself with his beautiful music, before he was teaching everyone the way the Beatles did."

Phoenix's sweet, irresistible phone voice began to drag. "His language had become at times totally incoherent," says Martha Plimpton. "He'd often be high when he called, and I'd listen for twenty minutes to his jumbled, made-up words, his own logic, and not know what the fuck he was talking about. He'd say, 'You're just not listening carefully enough.'"

Phoenix's drug use wasn't running his affairs, but one producer who weighed working with him in 1991 decided he was "languidly unreliable." And there were two days filming *The Thing* in Nashville that fall where, director Peter Bogdanovich says, "the feeling was that he'd stolen something. I wasn't sure he could drive the truck [as required for the scene]."

Phoenix was unshaken and told Bogdanovich, "This is bullshit. I had half a heart and a cold." Some of the rumors about Phoenix's behavior on that set are attributable to his last eye. When he flatter-blinded to cover his iris, he looked under the influence. That said, he sometimes was.

Flin, who was hospitalized in recovery (and who was not a drug friend), spoke to Phoenix that Christmas, and so did Bobby Bakowski. After Phoenix came over one morning, still blooded on heroin and cocaine, Bakowski wanted until



Tortured soul: "What would these twelve-year-old girls with my picture over their bed think if they knew?"



Van Santa: Phoenix's role in the director's private *Albino* was a professional and personal watershed

Phoenix had taken a nap and eaten one of the garlic-and-rare-vegetables-and-herb-glazed-water-melon. He used to cleanse his system and then greatly enjoyed this.

"I'd rather you just put a gun in your head and pull the trigger," Bulwowski said. "I want to see you become an old man, so we can be old friends together."

Phoenix wept and wept. "That's the end of the drugs," he promised. "I don't want to go down to the place that's so dark it'll annihilate me."

For several months afterward Phoenix would sometimes call Bulwowski for support when he felt the urge to get high. But in January Heart noticed that he'd become distant, almost wary. Phoenix had striven mightily to keep his drug use from him, and he largely succeeded. But this time she realized "a substance might be involved" and asked River.

Heart and River repeatedly urged River to take a long vacation in Costa Rica, but he continued to chase the demons of solitude. Yet he was troubled by insinuations of insanity. Early last year he had a recurrent delusion that spirits were coming for him, and he feared the fatal numerology of turning twenty-three on the twenty-third of August. When a friend saw him in a heroin stupor that spring and said, "River, you're going to kill yourself," Phoenix just looked at him, the friend says, "like 'Yeah, so?'"

Last fall Phoenix filmed *Dark Blood* in an area in Utah reported to be a magnet for alien visitations, which fascinated him (his least karmic outburst was "Thanks be to UFO Godmother"). He told friends he'd been visited over his bed, and he would sometimes lie on his patio and stare at the heavens. "Take me, I'm ready! What else is out there?"

But Phoenix was dead and located in Utah, as he had been that summer. He was in love with Samantha Mathis, whom he'd puppyishly pursued during *The Thing Called Love*, telling friends "his head was going to pop off if he didn't get to hold her hand." And he had finally started sitting through his anger, speaking into his own faith lines. His friends agree that he was strong enough to reemerge, that he was not irrevocably lost, like Jim Morrison or John Belushi. But for the accident of October 31, Phoenix would probably have made it through.

But back in Los Angeles for three days in late October, depressed by the parting of his role as a lonely dream chaser in *Dark Blood* and by continual on-set fighting, he began to drift apart. He'd always hated Los Angeles. Previously he'd been a public, celebratory user, now he used privately at the Hotel Nikko. Rain and Joaquin had flown out to Los Angeles that final day because Joaquin had an audition for the role of River's brother in *Safe Haven*. River was excited about the chance to play, at last, a normal young man, who beats his father's blindness. But Rain and Joaquin also sensed that River felt very alone.

In his last two movies Phoenix had darkened his hair to look older, and it's poignant that River, fed up with his pretty face, went unrecognized by Johnny Depp that night at Depp's club, the Viper Room. Phoenix looked thin and nervous, eyes in black, nose in white. Co-star members, he looked, finally, exactly right. It was a terrible death, of course—the stricken gun call from Joaquin, River's ephemerally aware, his head jerking and his knuckles banging the sidewalk—and yet it was a mistake of youth. He seemed such an old soul it was easy to forget he was only twenty-three.

## In Utah, Phoenix would lie on his patio and shout to the heavens, "Take me, I'm ready! What else is out there?"

**A** FEW NIGHTS after Phoenix died, his family and several close friends (like Bulwowski and Solge) sat around the table in Masonry, drinking Grey Goose Jack, whiskey, John's favorite brand, and remembering River. They got to an apex of laughter, and a number that came with the whiskey abruptly shattered. Later, when Solge was at the sink, three more of the numbers broke simultaneously in the dish rack. "River's a joker," she says.

In two separate memorial services, both held outside on salt days, when everyone joined hands to think of Phoenix, the wind suddenly whipped up. He has often been in his friends' dreams, assuring them he is free, though he seems quiet and sometimes melancholy. "I am still connected to his energy," Heart Phoenix says. "When the wind blows I see River, when the sun shines I see River, when I look at someone's eyes and make a connection I see River." To have death transformed into another way to look at life is his huge gift.

But for others the question of how to remember fingers in London, Damon McInerney ran in to one of River's drug friends, a screenwriter, and slammed him against a wall. "This is how I feel about River's death," McInerney said. "How do you feel?" The friend said he was clear—now.

Certain scenes of Phoenix's movies are frankly puzzling when Phoenix wags clockwise and seduces in *Little White Lies*: "whenever people tell me to be myself I don't know what to do... I don't know what myself is", when he glacially moans cocaine in *Blaze*; when Keanu Reeves reflects on their three years hounding and says, "What I'm getting at, Mike, is that we're still alive." And, in the post-released *Slut Temple*, the sequence when the spirit of Phoenix's dead Keanu brother will guide him to commit suicide. In rehearsal, director Sam Blechman roped Phoenix and Sheila Boney with twine to cement the malleability of their joint doom, and they play the scene humorously, when Phoenix intones on the mouth of the rifle under his chin, it's almost impossible to watch. But our sense would not be when Phoenix screamed at his legacy.

Now would be time, someone the other extreme. When you people gathered for the family's memorial service under a huge live oak tree at the base of the Phoenix property, the trace of many of the remedies from the Klugeans was, as Phoenix Solge put it, "River's in heaven, blah blah blah, it was his time, blah blah blah." "You would have thought he was money and had died at his sleep," says Martha Flanagan. "The people who were saying that felt tremendous guilt that they had contributed to his death."

After hearing yet another speaker say, "River needed to go, and he's free now," Bradley Gregg, who'd played Phoenix's older brother in *Sand by Me* and who became like an second brother to him, leaped to his feet and shouted, "River didn't have to die to be free! Not everyone heard, so he shouted again, 'River didn't have to die to be free!'" Gregg's wife, Dawn, added a chorus, "Wake up, wake up!" her arms shaking the baby she held in her arms.

**Misadventure** Even at the depths of drug addiction, Phoenix believed he had been chosen by fate for a higher calling.







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THE ESQUIRE GUIDE

# SEXUAL PERFORMANCE

A hard look at the primal urge

By MICHAEL SEGELL

**A** LONG TIME AGO, in a stinky, chemical primordial swamp, a single-celled organism, used to reproducing by dividing and sloughing off an exact copy of itself, decided to mix it up with another, distantly related organism. Thus, in the interest of genetic variety, species hardness, and plain old fun was sex invented, and all descendants of that seminal act have been obsessed with it ever since.

## PART I: BY THE NUMBERS

### WHO'S DOING WHO

**S**OCIAL PSYCHOLOGISTS demand that your sex drive—no matter how often you copulate, masturbate, fantasize about doing it, or don't wake up with an erection—be judged on strictly normal (as long as you're doing something). Frequency of sex is a delicate topic, quantitative studies have the potential to send more population groups into couples' counseling. But there it is, in fact, a wide variability in sexual desire and potential in both men and women—so wide that some frisky retirees may be having sex more often than some happily married thirty-five-year-olds. So at the risk of overreading the sex charts, let's ask the question another way: Just how much variation is there?

At the outer extreme is a subset of men and women who suffer from an anxiety disorder called compulsive sexual behavior. For those men who are compelled to have frequent sex (as opposed to other patients who are, say, fixated on an unsuitable partner) sex or libidinal orgasms a day are not unusual. Other

men—practitioners of tantric sex, "extended sexual orgasm" (ESO), or devotees of "impossible bedlam"—have also learned techniques that enable them to achieve daily double figures. Prepubertal boys, too, can have impetuous orgasms, even though they don't ejaculate.

For the rest of us, the numbers drop off rapidly. A few newbies may romp as often as twenty times a week, but very quickly the corner becomes more prosaic. A survey last spring by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development of a large sample of single, married, and divorced men between twenty and thirty-nine showed that, in the previous month, only about 10 percent claimed to be having sex ten or more times a month. Some 17 percent had had vaginal intercourse on average once a week, and another 10 percent were loose enough to admit that they were simply wanking to love.

The remaining men in the study—the largest group—were doing it about twice a week, which jibes with research done in the lab: Ejaculation or married men between nineteen and fifty in this study mean couples within every



✓ Men produce sperm at a rate of 12 million an hour. Women produce about four hundred viable ova in a lifetime.

✓ A woman spends 25 percent of the sperm within a half hour after sex. If she had an orgasm, she gets only 10 percent.

✓ Over a lifetime men ejaculate about eighteen quarts of semen.

### What About Love?

Cultural group	Percentage believe
	M F
Americans	83 65
Russians	61 73
Japanese	41 85

## The Master Clock

✓ **Indecent level** is one of several factors that influence sex drive in both sexes. In women the levels peak twice a month, usually before ovulation and at the end of the cycle. The fluctuations may be related to how a woman's body is informed as to how far she is from ovulation, but she never knows whether it's going to get the lady on the tape.

Testosterone seems to have a more profound effect upon young men, who rely upon immediate hormone release to stimulate arousal. But even older men, who employ more sophisticated means of arousal, like fantasy and emotional involvement.

✓ **Highest testosterone level of the day: early morning.**

✓ **Lowest testosterone level:** late afternoon and evening.

✓ **Highest levels of the year:** October.

✓ **Lowest level:** February.

✓ **Greatest frequency of intercourse:** September to November.

✓ **Lowest frequency:** January to April.

✓ **Monthly peaks for spontaneous sex:** around the time of their wife's ovulation.

age group preferred the two- to three-times-a-week frequency. However, 15 percent of those women to twenty-one were daily bachelors, as well as 9 percent of twenty-two to twenty-five-year-olds, 8 percent of the twenty-six to thirty-year-old cohort, 6 percent of those thirty-one to forty, and 4 percent of those forty-one to fifty.

Just as Kinsey found about fifty years ago, most of today's married couples fantasize to each other within two years. While almost half of all couples married for two years or less have sex at least three times a week, only 25 percent of those married for two to ten years do it that often, and only 15 percent of couples married for a decade or longer continue to sit like peeing intercoms.

And what of single, childless men? Recent findings from the Massachusetts Male Aging Study put even more cheerful results. More than 30 percent of men in their early forties were having intercourse three times per week. Among men in their late forties, that percentage begins to drop, decreasing to about 20 percent of fifty-five-year-old men. The make of the very sexually active continued to decline gradually, but a good 10 percent of men approaching seventy, God bless their libidinous souls, continued to have sex three weekly.

### QUAIL LIVES

Does your wife or girlfriend fantasize a lot? Because almost all men have sexual fantasies—often while daydreaming and almost always while masturbating—their internal erotica isn't considered all that interesting to researchers. Healthy or not, the little twenty-second vignettes that crop endlessly in their heads of longing the lady security guard in the mall are almost universal—so they're normal.

Women are another story. Only about

half of all women fantasize about sex. Those who do are most likely to enter their reveries between ages twenty-one and thirty-five, sexually experienced women are much more likely to fantasize than are virgins. Generally, women who are unhappy in their relationships are more likely than happier women to use fantasy while making love.

Women who have responded most strongly to fantasy in laboratory settings show the greatest genital responses, but they, too, are more likely to report unhappy marriages. Another subset of female fantasists who report general happiness in their marriages say they enhance their enjoyment with fantasies of sexual submission. Researchers say the imagined forced plaything may be a way of offsetting sexual guilt over having the fantasy in the first place. (He male? No, really.) Finally, the group of women who fantasize the most tend to be aggressive, subdominant, impulsive, autonomous, and generous, and show little interest in sharing. In other words, they're a lot like men. Normal.

A woman's is some fantasy? Making love with a man known as her A man? Making love with a stranger? When

it comes to rape fantasies, men and women are also at cross-purposes. Eight percent of women who fantasize speak erotic visions of "gentle" rape (if there is such a thing), but only 1 percent of men fantasize about enjoying a submissive woman.

### OLD AND HIS BIRD

According to Kinsey's data of fifty years ago, by age twenty about a third of women and about 30 percent of men had masturbated—4 percent of the females without masturbating and 1 percent of the males. More recent studies indicate that the number of women who mas-

turbate has risen to about half (55 percent do a "quickie" often), while the proportion of men who do masturbate about the same. Unmarried women and college-educated women are more likely to indulge in autoeroticism than others.

Though men masturbate more than women at every age, both keep the activity within their sexual repertoire throughout their lives. In the later years, in fact, it becomes the primary form of release for many men, more than 50 percent of married men and women who are over seventy describe themselves as sexually active, only 30 percent report having sex with their spouses. What are they doing instead? The charts, below right, tell the story.

### NOT EVERYONE LIVES STRAIGHT

Kinsey's data show that a third of all men and 30 percent of women had had an affair. Self-reported surveys done in the eighties claimed that as many as half of all women and two thirds of all men were having affairs, but more scientific studies show that those figures are probably overstated.

Recent glimpses of extramarital sex show that between 1 and 2 percent of those studied had stepped out in the previous year (John McKinley of the Massachusetts study found that only 1 percent of middle-aged men had had an affair in the previous year).

Most women, if they're going to stray, do so between the ages of twenty and forty, men who do stray stay in it well into middle age. The net result is that incidence of sex outside marriage over the lifetime for each gender has stayed pretty much the same, and perhaps even dropped a little, since Kinsey's day.

### BETTER THE END YOU KNOW...

About half of all women who have affairs continue their liaisons to one partner, as opposed to about a third of men. One reason



may be the quality of the physical relationship. Women achieve orgasm less often during an extramarital liaison than during marital coitus. On the whole, the sex is less imaginative, too, further lowers report using fewer nontraditional positions.

Does that mean married sex is a dead end? Probably not. For women, a dead frequently orgasmic wives are more apt to report having happy marriages, the higher the frequency, the better the marriage. Happily married people

are also more likely to agree on how often they like to have sex, though it's not necessarily so had if they have a fight about it. Couples who argue frequently tend to have sex frequently—even if the arguments are about how often to have sex.

Bad marital sex, on the other hand, drags everything else down with it. The sex contract is so binding that people who say they have sex infrequently are not just unhappy with their sex lives but with the entire relationship.

## PART II: WHAT DO MEN WANT? YOUTH, BEAUTY, VARIETY—MOKO DUDES

### THE LONG VIEW

ON THEIR TOUR of a government farm, President Calvin Coolidge and his wife passed a chicken coop where a rooster was aggressively copulating with a hen. Upon being told that the rooster managed this task dozens of times a day, Mr. Coolidge asked her to please pass this information on to the president. Daily informed, Coolidge then asked the guide whether the animal accomplished

## Live It Gender Difference

Percentage of people who have affairs that are motivated by long-term love

II 10

Percentage who have affairs who say their marriage is happy

II 16

Percentage who say they'd like to engage in extramarital sex

II 46

Percentage who admit they sometimes have a desire for extramarital sex

II 71

## The Bounder's Stat Sheet

Men who do have extramarital liaisons, whether with companions or prostitutes, increasingly rely upon sex outside of marriage as they get older. The number of encounters doesn't necessarily increase; rather, the proportion rises of the expense of their spouses, who have less sexual contact with their husbands.

Age	Affairs*
18-25	18%
26-35	16%
36-45	38%
46-55	35%

\*As a percentage of total sexual contact

## Why You Lose It If You Don't Use It

Dr. Erickson says good for Mr. Bucky. Fully adult, his network of arteries and vessels is enriched by oxygen-rich blood. When the penis is up, it receives less oxygen than any other organ in the body and slowly atrophies. Oxygen deprivation causes the inside walls in the penis to stretch and lose their elasticity. Collapsed, a loss of size occurs, and builds up in the penis and diminishes the blood needed to expand and fill with blood.

In every erection, the entire sexual health of your penis. But even if you're neglecting the organ's health by remaining celibate, return vasectomies. Most men have erections for about three hours each night, typically during rapid eye movement (REM) sleep, during which oxygen-rich blood breaks down arterial disease and oxygenates the penis's complex internal machinery. What if you're a heavy sleeper? Some researchers think there may be a connection between sleep disorders and erectile dysfunction. Next time you awaken, find out whether you're a heavy sleeper, high-altitude environments, such as Denver and Santa Fe, have erection problems.

Erectile Episodes Per Night	
1st-2nd	4
3rd-4th	3
5th-6th	2
7th-8th	1
9th-10th	0

this problem first always with the same sex. No, said the guide, the rooster copulated with a different hen each time. "Please tell that to Mrs. Cookidge," said the president.

That was named the Cookidge effect—the ability of sexually complacent males of many species, including humans, to be roused with the introduction of a novel female. Underlying the Cookidge effect is the tendency of men to become bored with partners—a phenomenon that clearly affected the late actor Richard Burton, who in one journal entry refers to Elizabeth Taylor as "beyond the drama of pornography... an eternal one-night stand" and in another calls her "as exciting as a flounder." As an innate male mating construct, it's perhaps best documented by the large numbers of partners acquired by male homosexuals, who are constrained by neither social nor marital constraints. Within men who haven't the imagination or reason to pursue sexual variety with or outside marriage, it's probably implicated, at least in a small way, in low-level desire disorder.

The Cookidge effect is an adaptive response, say the sociobiologists, though not necessarily to twentieth-century family life. A long time ago, during the sperm wars, men evolved behavior that made them promiscuous to maximize their genetic legacy. Then, though, women demanded some evidence of commitment before granting sexual favors and carrying their children. So men struck a compromise with nature: In the short term they continue to spray their seed indiscriminately but they'd also invest in one primary union stable enough to ensure that some of their offspring survive.

This deeply encoded desire for sexual variety has long roused all social, cultural, and religious reactions against it, according to University of Michigan psychologist David Buss, whose fascinating new work on human mating strategies, *The Evolution of Desire*, has just been published. Interestingly, both sexes have short- and long-term mating strategies within their repertoires. But women generally resort to short-term philandering only when they're trying to get out of a long-term relationship. Men resort to short-term—or at least fantasize about it—even when they have no intention of abandoning their long-term relationship.

### THE OFFICIAL MIND LIST

The male desire for variety is a constant across cultures, though it's not always achieved. In seeking partners, men also must outsmart their women.

A preference for youth. In thirty-seven cultures that Buss examined, men prefer women to be in

average of two and one-half years younger than they are. American women exceed their brides in age by three and one-half years at first marriage, five at the second, and eight at the third.

A preference for a comely shape. In particular a waist-to-hip ratio of about two thirds (as in 36-24-36). The ratio is a good indication of a woman's sex-hormone profile. Though we don't necessarily think bodies when we desire a woman's shape, our ancestors apparently did. Women with a lower ratio show earlier hormonal activity. Higher ratios can be linked with diabetes like diabetes, hypertension, and heart problems, as well as diminished fertility. A higher ratio may also indicate early pregnancy—which, in the great game competition, takes a gal right out of the game. (The ideal a postpubertal woman who hasn't yet had a baby—in Tinianian Indian culture, a *muh-duh*.)

A preference for beauty. A woman's physical attractiveness, according to Buss, is a signal of status to some-sex competition and potential mates. Using a highly attractive person increases a man's status for more than it does a woman's.

### REMADE A MAN UPON HIM

Given their compulsion to stray, you'd think men would be forgiving if their mates did. But even the suspicion of infidelity on the part of their spouses can provoke a violent, limbic rage. Male sexual jealousy is in fact, the leading cause of spouse battering and spousal homicide worldwide (first's seduction of Helen, Menelaus's wife, provoked the Trojan War).

But male sexual jealousy is an adaptive response, one encoded somewhere deep within our limbic lobes. In the past, if a man who was investing in a long-term pair bond was cuckolded, he could no longer be certain of the paternity of his child. In a sense, he could be investing in another man's genes—a powerful reproductive penalty to incur. And nature, in its brutal selectivity, was not kind to men who responded with sleepy indifference to their mate's missing words.

In other words, none of those guys are our ancestors.

### AND WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

Most women don't care much for the male short-term mating strategy but when it comes to mate selection for the long haul, the two sexes have comparable preferences. In all thirty-seven cultures Buss examined, women preferred men who are older than they are. Conventionally women prefer men with resources and status—usually the province of the older man. On average, American college women say their

prospective man's earning power must be at least the seventh percentile—or better than 70 percent of all other American men.

Body type? Lean and muscular, but definitely not endogamous. As with men, who instinctively check out a particular part of a woman's anatomy before anything else, women's eyes first gravitate toward a man's butt. Take the waist-hip ratio, it's a pretty fair indicator of reproductive prowess.

### A MIND OF THEIR OWN

Men safeguard their sperm for when they'll need them most. Ejaculate from masturbation is of poorer quality and has fewer sperm than ejaculate emitted during intercourse. Men produce comparatively few sperm—350 million per ejaculation—when they spend all of their time with their spouses. When a husband is frequently squandered from his wife, however, his sperm count soars. Just in case he may be gathering a little sperm on the side, they'll double the amount of sperm they release during each emission.

### THE CASE FOR MONOGAMY

Obey enough couples? It's in men's nature to stray. (Stop the presses!) But we also have brains frayed by two bulging lobes that have endowed us with the insight necessary for forethought, the gift of language and spatial perception, and other wonderful abilities. Might our big brains not be used to overcome our more primitive desire to pursue sexual variety?

Here's a theory. The most highly evolved men are capable of using more complex structures to add sexual variety to their lives. Whether it's through the simple use of fantasy, the leech bestowed of tidbits upon their mates, low weekends in hotels, or vocal coercion, many mature men should be able to continue to generate the sense of novelty their primitive brains desire within their long-term relationships.

Sell not! Think of that, then. While you're out looking for mumps, think of all the other shared spots, ranging around, too. It's so odd—do you know where your wife is?

## PART III: THE ORGAN-ISM

CONFRONTED WITH OUR SPECIES, the human penis is a veritable fiendish. But on the penis-complexity scale, we're pretty daffy tools next to other species in our taxonomic order. Depending on the social system they inhabit, other primates' penises display a range of spikes, spikes, flanges, and ridges. Primate penises tend to be most sexually flanged in species (like rhesus monkeys) in which females mate with many males and less complex in species (like gibbons) in which competition for the girls is less intense. The nodes and spikes are thought to stimulate the female in such a way that she's more likely to use the sperm from the most busily hung fellow to fertilize her eggs. Whether the stimulation translates into pregnancy is anybody's guess. But there is evidence

## Monkey Business

### Erect Penis

- Le gorilla: 1.25 inches
- Le orangutan: 1.5 inches
- Le chimpanzee: 2 inches
- Le man: 6 inches

### Staying Power

- Man: average 4 minutes
- Gorilla: 3 minutes
- Chimp: 4 seconds
- Orangutan: 15 minutes

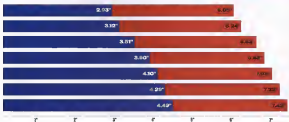
### Why does man need all this penis?

It comes just as developed an emotional component, and it was important for partners to have such other during intercourse—not only if you're in love, say, like a gorilla.

But how did the orangutan develop a slow time? But even Buss has an answer for that one.

## THE MEASURE OF MAN (A CHALLENGE TO HOWARD STERN)

Good news for everyone: All men gas about three inches when the penis fills with blood. But the new standard says—more consistent measurement nearly double in size! Awesome! Totally adequate!



## Start Your Own Club

For personal ownership, as a percentage of the total population, on this scale.

STANDARD			
Length inches	Weight pounds	% of pop.	% of pop.
1.18	81	1.4	
1.71	81	1	
1.96	81	1	
2.11	83	1.4	
2.30	87	3.0	
2.50	12	3.3	
2.68	84	3.3	
2.79	113	4.2	
2.99	112	10.3	
3.21	84	8.0	
3.48	117	11.1	
3.55	112	9.9	
3.58	119	10.3	
4.26	87	14.8	
4.39	84	4.9	
4.59	118	11.1	
4.80	118	11.1	
4.85	112	9.9	
6.75	83	0.7	
6.88	83	0.7	
6.91	83	0.7	
6.94	83	0.7	
7.21	8	0	
7.24	8	0	

ERECT			
Length inches	Weight pounds	% of pop.	% of pop.
2.91	8	0	
3.70	82	0.7	
4.01	8	0.4	
4.23	82	0	
4.39	82	0	
4.70	82	0.4	
4.80	47	1.8	
5.05	44	1.2	
5.10	47	1.8	
5.75	80	3.0	
6.00	32.9	31.9	
6.51	80	10.6	
6.58	91.8	10.6	
6.73	87	8.0	
7.00	83	8.0	
7.26	10	1.4	
7.36	22	2.0	
7.56	22	2.0	
7.80	38	0.7	
7.85	82	0	
7.86	82	0	
7.93	82	0	
7.98	82	0	
8.25	8	0.7	
8.40	8	0	
8.50	8	0	
8.75	8	0	
8.80	8	0	

that the uterine contractions women experience during orgasm serve to suck sperm up to the reproductive tract for as long as twenty-four hours after intercourse.

Penile complexity also evolved in response to intrasexual competition. Male monkeys engage in aggressive display behaviors—they threaten each other by spreading their lips and howling during their erect postures. Men are more genital, though not by much. Comparisons with one another usually carry over to the locker room, where a form of penis-to-penis display (and competitive analysis), which has its origins on the African savanna, still occurs.

## RALES AND THE MAN

Among our animal relatives, testes size as a percentage of body weight correlates to how much multiple mating is going on. The male chimpanzee mates daily with promiscuous females; his testes are proportionately the largest of the primates. The gorilla, which mates only a few times a year at best, has relatively tiny testes. Most life has medium-size testes, which just happen within the inconspicuous and often distributable—but just barely.

The adaptive logic of men's ability to arouse and ejaculate quickly is pretty obvious. Turning your back on your competitors for long while you banged Lady could have put your genes at a real disadvantage.

## PART IV: PLEASURE PRINCIPLES

How to put this differently (that is, without sounding like an ass). A man who subordinates his own pleasure to his partner's, who slowly melts with her the ultimate "trusting state" in which deep female emotion possesses sexual desire, who marvels at the ecstatic shuddering of her pelvis and thighs, her spine breathing, spasms, the flushing of tissues, her disappearance into an altered state—whose own body empathetically registers the cathartic measure of her contractions—the aficionado the solitary shudders the late dance that elates glaze of pleasure and release before gathering again into long rhythmic convulsions.

That man, even after riding his own pretty good cozier second of pleasure, often finds that his orgasmic response is a paltry, infantile, pathetic, and poorly evolved thing in comparison.

And yet—and yet which of the genders has the more sexual pleasure? Women seem to have much greater orgasmic potential than men, but many women (maybe as much as 20 percent

of American women) never experience orgasm at all. In some cultures there's not even a word for female orgasm. Then women who are orgasmic don't come every time, as most men do. Of all the orgasms over time, men have certainly stolen the lion's share. But what men wouldn't give a week's (a month's? a year's?) worth of his own pelvic thrusts to experience one of the thousandths, brain-tingling female kind?

On graphs and charts and penitents of physiological responses, thoughts, and its verbal descriptions, men's and women's orgasms look and sound pretty much the same. Perhaps, as so many gender differences, the subjective disparities are a matter of perception. Who knows? The profoundly elegant collaboration among genital nerve endings, pelvic muscles, spinal pathways, and the emotional centers of the brain doesn't easily lend itself to dissection. Yet in the mystery has almost all of the interest. Because it's a reflex that never quite reaches the cognitive centers of the brain, orgasm can't be remembered accurately. And that's why there's a certain sense of novelty that accompanies each one.

## UNKNOWN PART OF THE EARTH: HOW DO MEN FEEL?

Still, researchers know more about orgasms today than when Masters and Johnson explored human sexual response in the 1950s. There's now fairly widespread agreement that women can have two different kinds of orgasms. The more common vaginal orgasm occurs in response to clitoral stimulation and is trademarked by vaginal contractions. The rarer orgasm occurs with vaginal penetration and in some women only after a vaginal orgasm. This "deep" orgasm, which researchers say is experienced by a small percentage (less than a quarter) of women (and among them, only rarely), is accompanied by strong emotions (like trusting state), followed by a feeling of satiation and, in most cases, a refractory period during which arousal is not possible. Some women experience it only during childbirth.

Though the female orgasm is a thing of great beauty and power, there's no logical evolutionary reason for it to exist. However, a guy signal to a woman, in a penitence way, that she has met her mate. Orgasmic contractions appear to draw sperm into the reproductive tract, and they also promote the release of the hormones oxytocin and vasopressin, which promote pair-bonding in animals.

In men, the adaptive logic of orgasm is more to be understood. Because of a woman's internal ovulation, a man never knows whether he's the father of his partner's child. The pursuit of

pleasure motivates him to pursue many reproductive. This refractory period is also adaptive. Excessive sexual activity would cut into the time needed to replenish his sperm supply, causing his genes to suffer in their quest to make it into the next generation.

The lack of any comparable spacing device is one reason why there are more multiply orgasmic women than men. It also accounts for why men—by telling women, confining them to closets, marinating their clandes, or snoring that their vagina—have historically felt a necessary to control female sexuality. They fear being overwhelmed by it.

## COKE MAN

Just as a small percentage of women experience the kind of refractory more commonly seen in men, some men are capable of the kind of multiple orgasms that resemble a woman's. Ejaculation and orgasm are separate physiological responses and many men, following the tradition of urticary guys, have learned how to separate the two by "pulling back" before the moment of ejaculatory inevitability. They can experience pleasurable contractions within their work toward orgasm again. This can be done repeatedly. Once ejaculation occurs, however, a period of refractory usually sets in.

But a subset of multiply orgasmic men can repeatedly reach orgasm and ejaculate without diminishing. According to a recent study some multiply orgasmic men claim to have had this ability since their first sexual experience; others discovered it later in life, usually through sexual retraining. Still others developed the ability after practicing the ancient technique to overcome premature ejaculation as by following sex manuals on "sacred sexual orgasm." Confounding common belief that Olgemson sex is the province of the young, most of the men were in their forties, and a third were fifty-five or older.

All of them reported an intensely heated, or nonheated, refractory period. Most men reported between two and three orgasms per sexual encounter—most men had had as many as sixteen (but who's counting?). All the men reported a female and responsive partner (a

truly vagina was often mentioned), emotional distance, the opportunity for intimacy, and the need for staying in a warm environment after orgasm (like a body warmer).

## ONE SEX

At the outer extremes of sexual potential, then, the two genders are probably more alike than different. To physiologists, this comes as no surprise. The genitalia of both sexes are from the same primal tissues and correspond to each other in structure—libia maps to scrotum, clitoris to glans, the outer third of the vagina to penis. The pleasurable orgasm probes a man feels in the absence of ejaculation may be similar to the vaginal orgasm, ejaculate, involving the prostate and the full pelvic floor, may be the male equivalent of the "deep" orgasm.

Again, Of all the perils of sexual pleasure in the universe, which gender has grasped more? Impossible to know. The limitations of our most highly evolved creature—sense-evolved—prevent us from really knowing.

My money is with the other side.

## PART V: FUTURE SEX

A couple of years before he died, the critic Edmund Wilson complained, "The last years gather out." In Wilson, a man for whom sex had been a major preoccupation for much of his life and a consciousness man with a strong affection for the female, nonetheless managed a hoarse defiance with his doctor's wife when he was seventy-five. The answer, which about Wilson, given his poor health in the last couple decades of his

## A Double Shot of Your Baby's Love

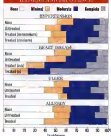
Many doctors are now prescribing injections of drugs directly into the penis for men who are unable to attain an erection. A commonly prescribed drug, papaverine, relaxes arterial muscles and allows a flood to flow into the penis. One urologist says that when allowing his patients how to inject themselves, he likes to remind them of their male sexuality by advising them to "thrust it in like the bullfighter thrusting a bull." There are no nerve endings in the spongy tissue at the sides of the penis, so the procedure is painless.

One possible side effect, persistent erection, even after ejaculation, which is very painful and has to be pharmacologically reversed, usually in the emergency room. Some doctors fear the procedure may be overprescribed. "It's being given to men who lose their job and temporarily lose interest in sex because they're depressed," says John Russell, the urologist. Another sex researcher, "Some sexual therapists tend to focus on the penis and ignore the man attached to it."

## I HAVE AN ORGASM DURING LOVE MAKING

Age	18-24	25-34	35-44	45-54	55-64	65+
Men	100	100	100	100	100	100
Women	100	100	100	100	100	100
Men	100	100	100	100	100	100
Women	100	100	100	100	100	100

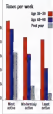
## ILLNESS AND IMPOTENCE



**A warning:** Almost all male smokers being treated for heart disease have some degree of impotence.

## SEX SATISFACTION

Sexual therapy never changes. Men who had a lot of sex when they were younger continue to do it fully, relative to their nonsexually active peers, as they get older.



there's a will, there are other ways.

Finally, dysfunction shows up pretty early. From age forty, about six percent of men have some degree of impotence—about half of them a significant or complex inability to achieve an erection. A variety of factors can be responsible, including fatigue, stress, anxiety, stress, stress, and stress. But the most common is a lack of blood flow, like cardiovascular disease, diabetes, and hypertension. One significant finding: Men with high levels of HDL, the “good” cholesterol, had a low probability of moderate impotence at age forty to fifty-five, and almost no probability of complex impotence when they were older.

## THE MEDICALIZATION OF SEX

With country million men currently reporting erectile problems, and with aging boomers coming to swell the ranks of the middle-aged, can a raft of new erections-inducing therapies be far behind? Already the pharmaceutical industry is dumping millions into the development and marketing of pills, regimens, hormone patches, vacuum pumps, and plungers. According to various endocrinologists, twice

as many groups are gathering seed money for spermatozoa donors of men's health issues that will treat the so-called male menopause. It seems to matter little that there's no evidence that such a syndrome exists; if there's a treatment for it, it will be diagnosed.

The bottom line: Sexual desire in older men has led to do with hormones or other hormones. Plus, eighteenth-century European society learned that the hard way from castrati, who enjoyed great access to women because of their presumed sexual inactivity and were some of the great historical practitioners of coxibody.

## NETTER NEXT THAN NOT AT ALL

In fact, various forms of ignorance (including the pharmaceutical industry's) seem to make the least contribution to male impotence. Many men don't realize that their penis, as it matures, requires direct tactile stimulation to errect. If it doesn't rise at the drop of a hint, a lot of men drop out of the game. And men who are organically impotent should know that it's not necessary to have an erection to achieve an orgasm. The same forms of sexualization that brought them pleasure in their youth can get them off, albeit more slowly, in their twilight years. (Groszko Marx understood this well. He would often arise from the poker table late at night and announce to his cronies that he was going upstairs to “bend one.”)

What happens to male potential, in fact, often runs a kind of wonderful double to women. As we age, we find we no longer turn on like lightbulbs, instead, as women always have, we heat up like lights. The arousal system grows leary and perks up only with the same kind of unburned, enveloping, teasing stimuli that women prefer. Emotional connection supercedes the imperativeness of genitalia, the pressing of flesh as it satisfying as a happy-marriage argument with your milk. Mature lovers have the opportunity to experience a connection, truly sympathetic sensuality—to discover, finally, what nature might really have had in mind when it invented sex. **M**

## SATISFACTION WITH SEX LIFE

Despite a modest decline in sexual ability, and the frequency of sex, men in their mid-to-late 50s and 60s are still more satisfied with their sex lives and their partners' ability to have sex on their terms.

	Extremely satisfied	Satisfied	Not satisfied	Extremely dissatisfied
Age 40	25%	30%	15%	30%
Age 50	20%	25%	20%	35%
Age 60	15%	20%	25%	40%
Age 70	10%	15%	30%	45%

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Expiration: May 3, 1995

March 1994



This month:  
**John Updike**  
**Brent Staples**  
**Tony Kushner**  
**Rick Moody**  
**Paul Davies**

## Brazil

BY JOHN UPDIKE

AS SOON AS THE SHAMAN SAW Isabel, he closed his eyes and shook his maraca as if to ward off the night. Though she had grown accustomed to going naked like the Indians, for this occasion she had tucked around her waist a kind of sarong that she had earlier fashioned—to protect her legs from thorns and stinging insects when gathering food in the wild for Antônio's household—of the drier of rainy-wet, in all encounter, to Chiquinho's ranch house, on another occasion when she had wished to possess herself lovingly. "Mama," the shaman asked her. "Who are you? Why do you disturb my peace?"

Isiquenoko translated his words into her and Isabel's hybrid language, and often had to ask the shaman to repeat, since besides speaking a strange dialect he wore a number of polished jadeite plugs in his lower lip, muzzling his pronunciation. "Mama," she explained to Isabel, "is their name for a

prophet like the Jesus of the Portuguese. He has never seen anyone your color, with hair like sunlight. White men have not yet shown themselves in this part of the world."

Isabel remembered Isidro saying scornfully "your people," which may have marked the beginning of her vow to seek a miracle. "I am not a prophet, I am a woman reduced to desperation, come to beg for your powerful magic," she said.

Isiquenoko translated, and the shaman frowned, and mumbled, interrupting himself with angrily prolonged notices of his maraca. "He says," Isiquenoko whispered, "magical is a man's business. Women are dirt and sweat, men are air and fire. Women are—I am not sure of his word. I think it means 'wanton,' but also a sense of 'bride business.'"

Then she talked directly to the shaman, at some length, and explained to Isabel. "I have told him you are come for the sake of your boychild, whose father was so old the baby was born without the heat of a normal person."

"No," Isabel protested to her friend—"I have not come for the sake of Isidoro, but for the sake of Isidro, my husband."

The shaman looked from one woman to the other, among their cross-purposes, and mumbled his maraca indignantly, saliva gushing from one of the holes in his lip.

For most of his career, John Updike has strolled, eagle-eyed and cheerful, through the great mall of American middle-class life, reporting on his encounters in copious, frequently autobiographical detail. But with his novel *Isidoro*, just published by Alfred A. Knopf, the author ventures into literally uncharted territory—the trackless reaches of Amazonia. He chronicles an interracial romance between an impoverished son of the Rio streets and a convent-educated daughter of the upper class, an affair that needs that entire vast country for cover and that reduces the lovers to a hand-to-mouth though magical existence among miners, missionaries, and shamans.



where a pole play had fallen out. He spoke without raising his voice, compelling the women to bend forward toward his swaying hammock.

Isampokoko, blundered, murmured to Isabel, "He does not like me, because I am a woman of his own race. He does not say this, but I know it. I think he says you are a man in general form and as he is willing to talk with you, but only directly."

"Oh, but I cannot! Don't leave me with him!"

"Museum, I must! I despise him. Magic cannot enter place, if I am with you." Isampokoko had already stood, on her lovely smooth legs, while the shaman gazed and smiled on, his spirit flying, his marvellously made headpiece of feathers shivering. "He is willing," Isampokoko explained, "for roses and prime and pig!"

Isabel laughed.

Isabel, a woman of a strangely flowered tobacco and a crown of hair that tasted of catfish, the shaman was impressed by how carefully she as if returned to her ancient days in Brazil, put away the beer, and inhaled the tobacco, from a long pipe he kept passing her. He took some, it seemed, to blow the smoke directly at her, and when it occurred to her that this was a courtesy she blew her smoke back at him. A glance began to overtake her vision, a sort of high-light, shimmering here and there in the third-road vision of the hat, and it occurred to her that the pipe held more than tobacco.

"Perhaps the address 'magician was you?' The old shaman, with his naked boyish body, his penis obviously dressed in a woven shawl, a narrow thong through which his femoral hair had pulled like a ruffled little ocher orchid, said nothing, just contemplated her nose and more contentedly. All this time she had been hankering across the fire from him, his legs, stretched by these years among Indians and bow-dancers, were comfortable thus stretched. In this position her strong could not cover her underparts, but then why should underparts be hid? Do they not give us our most glorious moments, and guide us through life to our last? Perhaps this was a drunken reflexion.

When the shaman at last did speak, she miraculously understood, certain of his mumbled words stood out like highlights, glimmering with meaning, and the sense of the moment suddenly moved under the dark spaces between. Something in the smoke had came away at the boundary between their minds.

He told her she had the heart of a man.

"Oh, no!" she protested, and for lack of words cupped her hands beneath her naked breasts and lifted them slightly. He flapped his hand through the fog of smoke and with the other hand gave a deontological shrug of his nose. He said she did not want to heal her child. How could this be?

She did not have the words to say the child replied her, made her ashamed instead the accused Isampokoko's pathetic sick expression, the eyes in which so quiet lived. She said the word for "nose"—full of sharp edges, ending in up—and patted her chest with a flat hand and pronounced, "Tratito."

"Tratito feeds you," he said, in effect.

"Yes," she said, "but not for three years," and with her fingers pointed toward a fence about her bare side. "He has been made a slave by cold men," she said, dourly proud of the length of this utterance. "He is black." Fearing that this was

not clear, she drew his tall outline in the air, and held up a piece of charcoal from the edge of the fire. In addition she pointed up through the hair's little smoke hole, where a star or two glimmered in a circle of black. For a hot moment night. "This people come from across the great ocean, from another great island, greater than even Brazil, where the man has made people black."

"Mama, what is it you want my rights to do?"

As she explained, the shaman's browless eyes widened and his nostrils jaw opened, as first in incomprehension and then in comprehension.

He said, as far as she could understand, "Magician is a way of adjusting Nature. Nothing can be created, only Nature can create, and he long ago grew tired of creating, because he saw what a mess man had made of his world. Magic can merely rearrange and subvert, as with the counters of a game. When something here is placed then something else must be placed here. For every gain, there is a sacrifice, somewhere else. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"Are you willing to sacrifice for this Tratito?"

"I already have. I have lost my world. I have lost my father."

"Are you willing to change your self?"

"Yes, if he will still love me."

"He will still fuck you, but not in the same way. When we worship Nature with magic, nothing stops the sense things shall." His eyes had narrowed again, and looked strangely red, with the smoke and the tears.

"I am willing. I am eager."

"Then we will begin tomorrow. Mama."



## Grief from a Stranger

BY BRENT STAPLES

THERE WERE THREE VERSIONS of how my brother Blake met his death. In the first, Blake and Mark both got to their guns and Blake is outnumbered. In the second, the two of them argue, Blake throws a punch, Mark pulls a gun and fires. The third and most plausible version is the one that in which Mark jumps from a car and shoots Blake six times, three of them in the back.

People scatter into the night, running from the flash and bang of the .44. Blake ends up huddled on the ground, begging for his life. "Please don't shoot me no more! I don't want to die!" Finally he pulls himself halfway under a car to hide from the fire. Mark leans down on him, empties the gun, and fires.

Not far away, my sister Trina is sleeping when she phone rings with the news that Blake has been shot. Jesse and one of my sisters arrive in the Playpen school of the police and find Blake and lodged partly under the car. By sundown help them pull him into the open. Delicious from blood loss, Blake says over and over again, "I'm not gonna make it this time, 'cause I don't have no drugs in my body. I'm not gonna make it this time." As some point he says to another woman, "I am dying. Get me to the hospital because I don't want to die out here in front of the Playpen." The woman runs off to get her car.

A policeman arrives and finds what he later describes as a black girl lying on the ground with large wounds, bleeding profusely. The policeman asks Blake three times, "Who shot you?" Each time he answers "Trina," which is Blake's recollection. "Had there been an argument?" No. "Had there been a drug transaction?" No. The ambulance screams up the street. The paramedic cuts away Blake's pants to get at the wounds. Then she slips him two rubber shock pants, which she refuses to keep up his blood pressure.

Blake says to the paramedic, "Trin scared," then passes out. He dies on the operating table.

I HUNG UP THE PHONE and went back to the dinner table. I told my lover that Blake had been murdered, and I continued eating. Twice I stopped and struck the same black table with my fist, but mainly I kept eating, because continuing to eat seemed a real thing to do. My lover said something that I could not hear. Her lips were moving, but the words were for away. We finished dinner, and I sent her home. For a long time afterward I watched the sewers in the blackwater sky. I was depressed not to go to the funeral. I mourned Blake and mourned him months before he died. I would not suffer his death a second time.

I LACKED A WAY TO TALK about Blake's death. I read writing but failed. After two or three paragraphs a smothering heat boiled up from my chest and into my head. My thoughts became tangled and useless.

Then the writer Colvin Triffin appeared on my schedule of stories. Triffin was touring in support of his new book, *Killing*, a collection of pieces from *The New York Times* about people who'd died violently and those who had killed them: two families in a California barrio, killed in a cycle of murder, revenge, and murder, a movie producer who was shot when he got too close to his subjects, the bill folk of Kentucky, a Russian defector turned evangelist, found dead in a hotel with a seventeen-year-old girl. My editor and that she could take the story or leave it because the *Seattle Times* "did Triffin" every once in a while through town. But meeting Triffin and writing about him held a morbid fascination for me. I pressed through the editor's objections and scheduled the interview.

We met at the Ritz-Carlton hotel. I was standing in the

New an editorial writer for *The New York Times*, Brent Staples grew up in Chester, Pennsylvania, a declining industrial town, the oldest son among nine children. Scholarships took him to college and graduate school. As Staples's career blossomed, a younger brother began selling cocaine and eventually was murdered. His death helped spark the writing of Staples's memoir, *Parallels* (Three Parthenon Books), an examination of his past and family, and of the disorienting yet revelatory journey back and forth between the occasionally aligned, often disparate, worlds of black and white.











Klein's double play, simply chic spring looks, bold shirts and ties

On Fashion: Woody Hochswender

# Calvin's Coup

**A**S DIANA VREELAND once said, "Elegance is refusal." That tidy maxim might also describe the design ethos of Calvin Klein, who was honored last month as designer of the year for both men's and women's fashions by the Council of Fashion Designers of America. It was the first time any designer has pulled off such a grand double play. Klein's signature is subtraction, the absence of decoration—the baubles, bangles,

beads, exaggerated silhouettes, and other forced artifices of the fashion business. Instead there is an emphasis on pure lines. Clean and modern are his bywords—which he repeats like a mantra, until eventually a sickle in

the air suggests a simple, direct manner simply by walking into the Calvin Klein showrooms off Seventh Avenue in Manhattan. The showrooms' assistants, with their long black skirts, white blouses, and hair up

beats peeking out beneath the layers, are perfect exemplars of the ideal. Here one also notes a change from the Calvin Klein look of a few years ago, which was the squeaky-clean, all-American of country houses and horse farms (a design direc-

tion that Klein may have abandoned after suffering a brooding, enigmatic look to a more Europeanized, cutting-edge style that has made to called deconstructionist fashion seem wearable. This can be seen



Running moccasins Klein's men's wear collection won the CFDA award for best design



The long, fluid lines of Klein's 30-lets-fallen both men, above, and women, right



with a business in the shoulders and across the chest but a fluid line of waist suppression. And everything is influenced by the soft hand of the fabrics and the uncorrupted coloring.

If there is an element of excess in Klein's business, it is in his advertising, which is often more daring and over-the-top than his clothes.

His highly visible place campaigns have attracted all kinds of reactions. In New York last fall, a guerrilla feminist group defaced Klein's bus-stop advertisements featuring the waiflike model Kate Moss. The group plastered stickers with the words "NO SEX" over Moss's face. While this is ridiculous—Moss reportedly said she's a horse—the spectacle of Marley

sexy and classic Klein stand with both his sleek women's wear, above and below, and clear men's tailoring, left.

sometimes lead to urban fashion.

But Klein, who dropped out of the ranks of men's wear designers in the late eighties, has regained a remarkable new grace in the last several seasons. His new men's collections, produced by Grap (po GFT, the fashion apparel giant, made an immediate mark when they were introduced two years ago. The styling is as lean as the clothes, yet dressed, the cut is progressive but well within the bounds of traditional good taste. Jacket lengths are long,



throughout his collections, including his lower-priced CK line for men and women. There are times when the retail factor is overriding (which is to say, the clothes are underdone), as in his spring women's wear collection, which resembled a bedraggled parade of woe. A very focused minimalist can



Mark yanking at his women on practically every street corner in full view of kindergartners wearing for the bus is, at the least, disgusting. Klein also has pushed the boundaries of how fashion collections are presented. For the AIDS Project Los Angeles benefit at the Hollywood Bowl last year, he used three hundred mostly nonprofessional models. And his recent CK show in New York featured nonmodels recruited from an open casting call. This message emphasizes the sheer mass and currency of his latest fashions and reinforces the minimalist message. He is a designer true to his own point of view. H

# The New Simplicity

THE FASHION PEACOCKS have been strutting around a lot lately, but in the long run less is certainly more. Going with high-quality essentials—a white shirt, a cardigan, a black suit—is timeless and the real way to stand out from the flock.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK NYSTROM



Ward vest, pram (Lissoni), and cotton shirt by Tolo; T-shirt for Brown. Hair done by M. Sander.



If wearing a black suit, white shirt, and black tie works for formal evenings, it ought to be just fine for any other occasion.

This pair and special single-breasted wool-blend suit by Emporio Armani. Shown-on-canvas shirt, with tie, and Trencher lace-up shoes by George Armani. Hat worn by Lopez; shoes by Manolo Blahnik. Photographed at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.



Sleeve-and-collared cardigan, from head-to-toe shirt, and trousers, program suspenders, and leather lace-up shoes by Guccio Guccio from New York. Her dress by Guccio Guccio; sandals by Guccio Guccio. Photographed at Marshall, Los Angeles.



The Nehru jacket is an ideal choice for anyone who prefers not wearing a tie; it allows the collar to be the focal point. And if you don't like wearing a sport jacket, try a cardigan (opposite)—it's not just for Mr. Rogers anymore.

Single-breasted wool suit with Nehru collar, sleeve-and-collared shirt, and leather lace-up shoes by Guccio Guccio. Her dress by Guccio Guccio; sandals by Guccio Guccio. Photographed at the Guccio Guccio Museum of Art.



Wearing a suit with a T-shirt is once again a virtue and no longer a Miami vice—as long as the colors are dark (as opposed to sherbet) and you stay away from espadrilles.

Single-breasted wool suit and leather lace-up shoes by Guccio Guccio Roma; T-shirt by Benetton; sunglasses cotton T-shirt by Guccio Guccio Roma. Photographed at Wexford. Opposite page: Her dress by Chanel. Photographed at Epcot, Los Angeles.





Black cotton-and-silk sweater by Dolce & Gabbana; wool trousers by Armani; cotton T-shirt by Jockey. Hair done by Dolci & Gabbana. Photographed at Ego.

A trench coat doesn't have to be khaki or olive. Black is, as always, a little dressier, and a logical choice for fans of noir. And another idea for those who eschew neckwear: There's nothing simpler than a T-shirt and sweater (opposite).

Loose vest, linen-and-cotton vest, and trousers by Et Etoile. Hair done and made up by Gino Kimo. Photographed at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

LOOSE VEST, LINEN-AND-COTTON VEST, AND TROUSERS BY ET ETOILE. HAIR DONE AND MADE UP BY GINO KIMO. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART.





# How to Talk to Your Tailor

The long and the short of it

**A**LLOWING A STRANGE MAN to fiddle between your legs with a piece of chalk—let alone a few pins—requires a certain amount of trust. But no matter how much faith you have in a tailor, there's no substitute for having firsthand knowledge of what he's doing. To take us on a behind-the-scenes tour of tailoring, we asked three experts—Mimmo Spanò, director of tailoring at Bergdorf Goodman Men, Frank Mancuso, director of alterations at Saks Fifth Avenue, and Tony Karonas, men's alterations manager at Barneys New York—to share their wisdom. The first thing to remember about going to a tailor, according to Barneys's Karonas, is to wear clothing comparable to your regular business attire. That's not to say you should show up in a shirt and tie [after all, many men only find time to shop on weekends], but avoid bulky sweaters or heavy shirts. Likewise, never wear sneakers or running shoes. Even loafers—if you normally wear lace-up shoes with a suit—can affect the fit

Try to relax. "Many men stand up as straight when they're being fitted," says Karonas. "It's unnatural." Not that you should look as if you just left an audience for a *Moss* Dunes bull fight, but nobody waltz through life with a book balanced on his head.

Go to a tailor who has a three-way mirror. Most department stores will have one, but many private tailors do not. A three-way mirror lets you look at every side of a suit—even the sides you don't want to see. "Any tailor who doesn't want to show you the back," says Bergdorf's Spanò, "is trying to hide something."

Develop a relationship with a tailor. Choosing a local tailor can often be tricky—especially in smaller cities. But in a department store, Karonas says, "ask for the same fitter." After a while, he'll get to know your body and any personal fitting quirkos.

Be mindful of material. Some fabrics, such as Super 100 wool, gabardine, or linen, will look terrible if you let them out at all, because the creases will show. Others, such as silk or cashmere, can be scarred by chalk, so have them pressed.

And when a tailor's done a particularly good (or fast) job, the occasional tip wouldn't hurt. Who knows, it might even get you a free set of cuffs.

Mirror, mirror on the wall: Just as a barber shows what he's done to the back and the sides, a tailor should let you look at everything when he's finished.



## Jacket requirements

"Look at the shoulders first," Spanò says. If your arms are pushing against the upper part of the sleeve, the jacket is too tight, and you should probably go up a size. If the shoulder padding



is hanging over your arms like eaves, the jacket's too big. "But understand the style of the jacket," says Spanò. "Sometimes it's not a question of fit but of cut."

To determine length, there is a strict tailoring rule, according to Spanò: Measure from the nape of the collar to the floor. Divide that number by two to get the proper jacket length.

And there's also a rule of thumb. Laterally, with your hands at your sides, make a fist with the thumb pointing down. The jacket should end just a tad below it (see left). Recently, though, many designers have been making jackets a bit longer, so it

may end a good inch below your thumb. But if the jacket ends above your fist, it's probably too short.

Sleeve length is a personal thing. Some men like to see a lot of cuff, some a little. (The standard is one-half inch.) Regardless of how much you like to show, ask the tailor to measure both arms, because they are rarely the same length.

As for the rest of the jacket, a tailor can close up vents, but he can't create them, so don't ask. Also, if you want the lapels made slimmer or wider, pick a new jacket. "Don't try to redesign the suit," Karonas says.

## Doing a little legwork

Altering a jacket may seem like a difficult operation, but fitting pants is actually trickier. The truth is, as Spanò says, "You can take your jacket off, but you leave your pants on."

Obviously, the key to pants is in the waist. But there are limits. "There is not that much you can let out," warns Mancuso. "Maybe two inches. Don't believe anyone who tells you he can let them out three or four." On the other hand, he says, "you can't take them in more than an inch and a half, two inches." If you do, the back pockets will be too close together, and the crease in the front will move from the center toward the outside (see below). The opposite is true when you let them out too much.

Pants length, like sleeves, is up to the individual.



Some like a full break, some like none. The safe bet is to go with a half break, meaning the trousers drape a bit and rest comfortably on the top of the shoe. Cuffs are also up to you. The standard width these days is one and a half inches, but tell your tailor how you like them—two inches, an inch and a quarter, whatever. And just as you had both arms measured for sleeves, make sure the tailor measures both legs.

Finally, when being fitted for trousers, look at the tailor in the mirror as he's pinning the legs. Though it is completely natural to do so, don't bend over to look at the length during the fitting. The reason, of course, is that as you bend over, the pants ride up on your legs, and your tailor, like Sam of songdom, will end up making the pants too long. ■



**Bold shirts and ties, from designers on both sides of the Atlantic, are once again grabbing attention. Vivid colors and powerful patterns shake up—and wake up—down-to-earth business suits. Photographs by Troy Ward**

# Loud and Clear

[illegible]

Colors that complement one another always look sharp when pairing striking shirts and ties, but to really go for the bold (opposite), try ones that contrast.

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Colors that complement one another always look sharp when pairing striking shirts and ties, but to really go for the bold (opposite), try ones that contrast.

A full-length portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit, a light-colored shirt, and a patterned tie. He is standing with his hands in his pockets, looking directly at the camera. The background is plain white.

\_\_\_\_\_

Cotton shirt by Paul Stuart, jacket by Double Entry double-breasted suit from passage wool suit by Gianni & Gianni

MARCE LOUÉ DÉPOSÉ 157

Coating shirt and suit by Givens, double-breasted overcoat shirt, wool coat by Aquilino by Anthony Bonito.

Cronenberg by Louisa Pierre (Model at the Plaza Hotel, New York). Models: Will Davis of Syria, Michael Egan of Chile, Bowen of Iowa.

For store selection see page 178.

# Style Tribes

New, young looks come from the night. On these pages, three trendsetting groups that don't take their fashion lying down.

Photographs by  
Marc Hom

**The free spirits:** This nocturnal clique may herald an unlikely avant-garde. Ripped jeans, cat T-shirts, and shapeless, oversize sweaters give them a lost-boy look. Their scene is dance tracks, not needle tracks, despite the dreaminess of their demeanor. Their carefully considered grubbiness and just-woke-up attitude gain them entrée into chic New York nightclubs, like the movable Soul Kitchen, run by Frankie Inglesse (top left).

Clockwise from top left: Chloë Seeger Frankie Inglesse wears a ribbed cotton tank by Calvin Klein and borers by jeans by UK Calvin Klein. Maurice Mark Brown is tall and wears pants by UK Calvin Klein and T-shirt from Fruit of the Loom. Steve Brown, an actor and singer and a bartender at the Roxy Room Hotel, is knee-and-cotton pullover and cotton bag underwear top by UK Calvin Klein. Steve Scuderi, dancer and skateboarder, is knee pullover by UK Calvin Klein. And musician Sean Rains is cotton sweatpants by UK Calvin Klein and Fruit of the Loom T-shirt.





**Simple chic:** New club owners, like Buddha Bar proprietor Frederiek Lesert (standing, front), and other worldly men-about-town sport a cleaner, more responsible look that owes its gestalt to New York's European invasion. It's almost a uniform: turtleneck, jeans, boots, Rolex. Ponytail optional.

From left: Carlo Kerkio, a leather-clad designer, wears a custom turtleneck from Paul Smith; the jeans and boots are his own. Riccardo Giustin, an ex-model and actor, Frederiek Lesert, and Guillermo Garcia J. Rodriguez, a boxer and Dutch-American representative for Ferrari, all wear neckties and silk turtlenecks by Ballo, with their own jeans and boots.



**Rebel dandies:** Like the original British art-rock band, the Kinks, their look is dressy but decadent, nattily unkempt, and just plain kinky. With their frowzy hair and dark-circled eyes, however, these followers of fashion seem somewhat more dissipated than dedicated.

*Opposite page and above center:* Model Gabriel Hill wears striped three-button unconstructed jacket, wool vest, silk shirt, short-gate-plaid trousers, pocket square, and silk tie by Romeo Gigli; ankle boots by Toph Tonerre. *Below left:* Model Albert Montgomery wears a cotton ruffled, vest, short, dark-orange wool trousers, silk tie, and wool boots by Romeo Gigli. *Below right:* Model Justin Chambers wears a long-brush coat by Paul Smith; T-neck sweater-vest by PS Paul Smith; cotton shirt, wool trousers, silk tie, and ankle boots by Romeo Gigli. All grooming by Dennis for Pierre Michel at Trump Tower.

For store information see page 122.

**StyleTribes**





CARS

Phil Patton

## An Olds by Any Other Name

THE ONLY PLACE THE WORD *Oldsmobile* appears on the 1995 Acuras, due in showrooms this month, is in little tiny letters on the premium Bose *Aurum* sound system. A couple of years ago, in General Motors' darkest days, there was talk of dropping altogether the name that Buick, Olds, and Cadillac first applied to mass-produced automobiles when Henry Ford was still tinkering in a stable. On the Acuras, GM has come pretty close.

The absence of the Olds name on the new car is a sign that the Acuras is what Detroit calls an *acri* car, designed to change the image of the brand. The Mus made you think differently about Buick, the Viper about Dodge—and with surprising speed. So think of the Acuras less as an Oldsmobile than as an Acuramobile.

If the last decade in Detroit has proved anything, it is the hard truth that the worse the financial news, the better the cars you can look forward to a couple of years down the line. First Ford, with the Taurus, then Chrysler, with its LH car, set the pattern. Now GM has quietly begun building great cars again at the top of the line—Cadillac—and pretty decent cars again at the bottom—Saturn, another nameplate whose name has been back on widespread public ignorance that it's part of GM. Olds dealers have been sent to the countryside for reeducation by eager Saturn salesmen. And Olds engineers have been taken to school by the boys at Cadillac.

Aurum is named for the chosen driving goddess of the dawn, in case the *Aurum* slipped by. But Acuras was also the name of a Cadillac show car of a few years ago, which suggests how much Cadillac contributed to it. The Acuramobile may even be *Oldsmobile*—less an Olds than a small Caddy. It uses a 200-horsepower version of the much-praised Cadillac Northstar V-8 engine, which spouts out power as sweet and smooth as Walter Payton off-scide. And Acuras is being built in GM's high-tech On-nose-Integrating Facility, which was one of the reasons Cadillac won the Building Quality Award. With its embossed bucket, traction control, dual air bags, and \$22,000 price, Acuras is meant to take on Acura and Lexus, but more Caddy cues grumble that all the thanks they're getting for their help

is a chance to see Olds and sales from their Saturnville.

Good news, like good karma, depends on the influence of the past as much as the promise of the future. In the 1980s, Olds's ads were better than its cars. They even remembered the old line "This is not your father's Oldsmobile," but most people suspected your father's was better, even if they couldn't quite remember the reason Dad began to Chids to begin with. The reasons were simple features like the Hydra-Matic, the first automatic transmission, introduced in 1939. Dropped into a Model 88, that engine made Olds a NASCAR star and inspired Jackie Brenston to create the first rock 'n' roll song, "Rocket 88."

To fly clear to this tradition, and so silence skeptics, Olds engineers installed an Acuras engine in a test car, loaded it down to a gun crack in Pine Bluff, Texas, and ran it non-stop for eight days at 120 miles an hour, breaking an endurance record held by Mercedes. For looks, chief Olds designer Dennis Burke also looked back to your father's Oldsmobile—or one of them, the classic 1966 Toronado.

Burke was an astute guy when he saw the first spy shots of that car—"You want, What? It was so radical"—which pulled body and roof into a single taut shape, with boldly strung arches around its wheels and a feedback whose lines

facely assailed the eye. In the Acuras, Burke aimed for the same impact: a single sculptural shape housing the wheels, with the muscular look of a fighter's head and—fit contrast with the curves—a dramatic slash of sunlight panel across its back. Stripped of GM's standard console grooves, the Acuras looks like an Oldsmobile minus the show car was done up in gold, silver for features—which play up what Burke calls the car's surface concentration, "the dip of light" on its contours, and make the metal dissolve into, well, an aura of sheer energy.

Acuras's rounded, embracing interior jibes with the F-16 shapes of the exterior; an aura is the steady, unadorned one of a Swiss cockpit. And so the Oldsmobile's new main green, the new car problem exterior use of recycled materials, plastic from soft-drink bottles, waste composites from junked cars. So today's Acuras may not only be inspired by yesterday's Toronado, it may be made of one. ■

### Aurum Technical Features

**Engine:** Four-liter dual-overhead

cams V-8, 200-horsepower

**Transmission:** Four-speed

Hydra-Matic T70-2

**Acceleration:** 0 to 100 in 8.2

seconds

**Top speed:** 130 mph

**Fuel economy:** 18 mpg city, 23

highway

**Other features:** 10-speaker

speed-variable-boost power

steering, four-wheel anti-lock

brakes with traction control,

four premium sound system

(radio/cassette and optional

brush-mounted CD changer)

**Base price:** \$21,685

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2 Easy to use	<b>YES</b> No assembly (no assembly required) (no assembly required)	<b>NO</b> Requires assembly (no assembly required) (no assembly required)	<b>NO</b> Requires assembly (no assembly required) (no assembly required)
3 Easy maintenance	<b>YES</b> No maintenance (no maintenance required) (no maintenance required)	<b>NO</b> Requires maintenance (no maintenance required) (no maintenance required)	<b>NO</b> Requires maintenance (no maintenance required) (no maintenance required)
4 Injury-free	<b>YES</b> No injury (no injury) (no injury)	<b>NO</b> Requires injury (no injury) (no injury)	<b>NO</b> Requires injury (no injury) (no injury)
5 Strength conditions	<b>YES</b> Strength conditions (no strength conditions) (no strength conditions)	<b>NO</b> Requires strength conditions (no strength conditions) (no strength conditions)	<b>NO</b> Requires strength conditions (no strength conditions) (no strength conditions)
6 Comfortable	<b>YES</b> Comfortable (no comfortable) (no comfortable)	<b>NO</b> Requires comfortable (no comfortable) (no comfortable)	<b>NO</b> Requires comfortable (no comfortable) (no comfortable)
7 Hydraulic cylinder	<b>YES</b> Hydraulic cylinder (no hydraulic cylinder) (no hydraulic cylinder)	<b>NO</b> Requires hydraulic cylinder (no hydraulic cylinder) (no hydraulic cylinder)	<b>NO</b> Requires hydraulic cylinder (no hydraulic cylinder) (no hydraulic cylinder)
8 Fully adjustable	<b>YES</b> Fully adjustable (no fully adjustable) (no fully adjustable)	<b>NO</b> Requires fully adjustable (no fully adjustable) (no fully adjustable)	<b>NO</b> Requires fully adjustable (no fully adjustable) (no fully adjustable)
9 Payable in installments	<b>YES</b> Payable in installments (no payable in installments) (no payable in installments)	<b>NO</b> Requires payable in installments (no payable in installments) (no payable in installments)	<b>NO</b> Requires payable in installments (no payable in installments) (no payable in installments)

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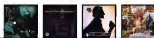
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## MUSIC

Mark Jacobson

They Wear Black,  
They Eat Grits

**T**HEY WALK MART the blue-passed valleys, put a satellite dish on every flat space, shrink-wrap the earth, but the South just gets stranger and stranger. God bless its published heart. Bernstein met at the time I got my ass locked four miles outside Montgomery. Probably I shouldn't have let that perfect nice-butt shot, not in that bar, for sure not for money. It was slow-motion then the twist on that lover's face, ring-fingered toes gleaming through red/blue strobes, the floor coming up Cinemascope. The real bad part, though, was lying on the vinyl, boom denting space, and that tight little hand playing "You richa manna. Here I was vacationing in the great American South, source of all song and soul, and they're covering Lee Michaels.

Squeeze my lemon till I shout "Free Bird!" but next time I'm shackled in a poker-wet bar, I'm holding out for more idiosyncratic chord changes. Figure I'll get 'em, too, off this sack of CDs in front of me. "Cuz, like the South just, anti-Mason-Dixon drinking music just gets more strange.

Much of this fact owes to the rise over the past decade or so of the "baroque" band "Baroque" is a new line in the off-postcard montage, a reconsideration of the baroque's regrettably fermented retrograde [you get paid in bars, so you've got to know how to play some at least] and the garage's thespian eccentric source. Historically viewed, baroque can be used to have sprung from the mangy head of Alex Chilton, the undersung Rhodian colossus of under-

ground southern pop. Those who were present twenty-odd years ago may recall Chilton as a teenage Box Top in a Niche jacket singing "The Letter," which got huge, though "City Like a Baby" was greater. By 1977 Chilton was a black leather on the stage of CBGB, a monoword move with a proprietary effect on the nascent baroque scene.

Landmark second- to third-generation baroque can be beheld in the oeuvre of the much beloved Southern Culture on the Skids. Inspired by Rick Miller's shrieking guitar work (Miller has more Howlin' licks than Don Ho), SCOTSD has long accompanied the lurches of beer-soaked Piedmont frat boys with songs like "Barry's Yard Ballgame" ("I sit on my tractor and cry... 'bout you're a hardyard ballgame, I know that I couldn't trust ya"). More or less more weird (and surreal) are the Howlin' material. For Don Jett, heirchild of Carolinian Dexter Romweber, who, according to reports, slept in a coffin out back of his parents' house until the shed, called the Mausoleum, burned down. Recorded at Chapel Hill's Response Studios, the Jett record "White Dog (Sky)" is a masterpiece of English-southern baroque. His voice flurries alcohol-cynicism and unexpressed metallic rillery. Romweber has acute concerns. He sees John Wayne Gacy at his dog stunts and tells how "I sit dinner with Van Gogh, I was an Egyptian pharaoh. I'm an old soul." When he sings about being a "husband of a country singing star" who left him to go to "Tahiti capital Gathabara" you fear another creative person of us-all-hue-in-trailer-park-

post-Dollywoodism. But then Romweber reports that the couple's child "died at birth," and it's suddenly very sad. Cheap sell, but still.

Beyond such self-representational issues in eccentric band Hasi (pronounced Hades) Adams. A legionsome newswoman legend, Hasi, resident of Missouri, West Virginia, is, like so many who have played bars, probably better lost. But put his small on it better and your significant other might just throw a running shoe at the CD player. Hasi'll clear a room faster than Albert Ayler. Other than that, he's a genius. Adams at the Lone One, the fifty-something Hasi, who is used to be in the habit of eating two pounds of raw hamburger prior to performance and not sleeping for two weeks at a time, operates with an alacrity to make the young Jerry Lee Lewis appear a Quixotic casualty. Former of a country thrash guitar the Red House might say, he also plays thrash, baroque, and thrash drama, all at the same breath rate. But, tell the truth, much as Hamilton call for "Baby We Got a Dime" ("...I cut off your head at night"),

the ballads are too sweet. That's because Hasi can sing and beautiful if he wants to. Investigate "My Blue Star" on *Look at This Canebrake Girl* (Norton Records), a tale that 'bout sums up the whole Hasi thing.

It is a tribute to the southern capacity to make the barons at its baroque houses that there's sensory beyond Hasi Adams. But that's where David Johnson lives. Standing up too close for comfort to a postcard-drawn, John now—who's mostly arrested in Fate, Hope, and a girl named Lucie—has created a burgeoning song cycle of deliciously balanced, yet often exceedingly lurid, music. Looking at his impetuous voyage on the inside cover of *Amore Vio* (on the Shimmer One label—recorded at "Chuck Piddler's house, West Virginia"), while listening to him sing how his "life is learning over, again" can be, uh, unsettling.

But in the end that's Vic Chesnut. It says on the package, little asterisks, gapped poems they give you with Chesnut's most recent CD, *Dusk* (Tussock House), that he is "the damndest what's going," the greatest songster

since Dylan, more authentic than the Sex Pistols. Several of his earlier CDs were produced by baroque alumnus Michael Stipe (of R.E.M.), but still, that's a lot to call a guy you never heard of singing in a bar, a much less studied Tim Wans is more like it. But there is something about him. Vic Chesnut, sitting there in his wheelchair, where he's been since that unfortunate night of drunk driving, a near prospect. Only twenty-eight, but his voice already crumbly and broken, Vic sits near to an emble, singing songs like "When I Run Off and Kick Her" ("When I run off and left her she wasn't holding a baby but she was holding a horrified a big grudge against me"). He rhymes "psychic" with "minimize risk" and "strut" his "travels" with "kiss." Somehow it says the bar is big, sad, and full of potential emotional redemption. Then Vic might sing "One of Many," which, strong enough, rhymes a *Seven Stars* poem about a child who got sick of being told he was only one of many, so he threw his follows in a dish and got burned for it." But we've all felt like that. ■

## MUSIC

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## BOOKS

Will Blythe

## Doing Laundry at the End of History

**F**LANCIS FURUTAMA, this wacky fan-loving anglophile, arrived in 1999 due to the end of history was at hand. Its disappearance apparently meant that one day we would all live in liberal democracies and consume to our heart's content. That would be cool, right? For a columnist in *Kanawase*, Poland, history's departure might indeed be cause to break out the vodka. But for the world-weary North American youth of Douglas Coupland's fiction, we've been stuck at the end of history for quite some time already, living there in almost as exhilarating as bunking down at your parents' house after you've finished school. It's not a bad place for hanging out and doing laundry, but who really wants to keep living there?

The solace of postmodern life at history's end (a region that looks remarkably like the West Coast) is, in fact, the successful preoccupation of Coupland's writing. The Canadian-born author has achieved a reputation as a very spokesman for Generation X, a term he did much to popularize by using it as the title of his first work of fiction. He seems to spend a good bit of free time concerning over glass-eyes of novelists such as *McJob* and "emotional baggage burn" that are subsequently published in *The New York Times* and *The New Republic*. Boy, those publications must be hipper than we thought! Coupland's conings may have great resonance for his cohorts, but they strike me as McJob, the amazing roadworks of a remarkably clever teenage sociologist. His three works of fiction, however, including the rich and painstaking new collection *Life After God* (Pocket Books), are a revelation, especially if you ignore the misspelled and the surprisingly sloppy editing that lead you to momentarily suspect Coupland of being his generation's Richard Brautigan.

His fiction might initially make you as Brautiganesque in one other crucial respect—the seemingly unadventurous plainness of his tales, the way they shake and rattle like an old and creaky. The portraits of three slackers in Generation X, for all of their psychological stunts, often read like one student in school. Though the stories possess a richly textured veneer, they lack the subliminal velocity that narrative fiction provides. But then you realize that such bordering on plotlessness is most likely Coupland's brave gamble with the reader's allegiance, a risk he takes in order to convey a peculiarly upper-middle-class habit of feeling silly—and horribly—outside of history and wary alike. "My life had become a series of scary accidents that simply weren't bringing together to make for an interesting book," complains a be-

truder in *Generation X*. He and his peers lack nobility on the periphery, watching TV and planning travel and collecting unemployment while trying to imagine some larger narrative in which they'd like to play a part. They end up floating around like semiotics outside of their own lives and culture, unable to connect to memory. In their twenties and early thirties, they're already on the verge of despair, too smart to work or fall in love. What exactly would be the point, dude? The offspring of divorce, the inheritors of a diminished economy, and the very synapses of mass culture, they know the endings to every tale of too soon.

The character's precious knowledge results in their brooding a kind of reflexive irony, dense with reference to strangely disempowered moments of junk culture like *The Body Shop*. Of course, irony is golden only if you're in on the joke. Among the many reworking aspects of taking the Brady's seriously is that such an enlightened stance offers a sneaky way of upturning yourself from the unnamed, for whom anonymity is rarely snafu. It demonstrates that you're a scholar of culture, not a mere consumer. Yet, pop-culture jargon that you are, can use the show behind the show behind the show. Admittedly, such modern American generation—and class—speaks a secret language, partly to shore up its identity, but there's something especially poignant about the way the spokespersons for Generation X so insistently celebrate the cultural markers of their childhood long past the age of consent. Hey, pretty on, Gen-X.

In the end, this generation speaks with the audaciousness of people who have spent a lot of time talking back to commercials. No matter how vicious, the back talk is hardly unnecessary. After all, everybody's just sitting there, watching TV. Mass culture seems as much an unachievable goal as the Old Testament God. That Tyler Johnson, the yuppie wannabe of Coupland's novel *Shampoo Planet* (he wants to turn leftists into historical theme parks), is media savvy and overloaded with information doesn't mean he wants to be unplugged. In fact, when he goes to visit his biological father at a laptop conference, he mostly cries in tears at the lack of broad-based food products (get that broad out of here!).

The poem of *Life After God*, Coupland's most accomplished fiction to date, is that eventually there comes a time when irony is insufficient. Martin Brady, charming though the may be, is just not a suitable icon through one's dark night of the soul, not even for the dualists sons and daughters of Letterman. In *Life After God*, the narrative—in their

thrusts and walling from divorce, breakdown, and deep lethargy—find themselves in awkward pursuit of spiritual life. As the first American generation not raised without religion, they're not much tempted by traditional forms of spiritual practice. Suggest even a non-sacramental religion like Buddhism to a Generation Xer and it's easy, if you've read a little Coupland, to imagine the disdain but scornful ruse. "Buddhism? Right. How Richard Gere."

But still they search. "I need God," admits the narrator of "Love Wars—Life After God," who jangles his antidepressant and ends up alone in a rain-soaked forest in British Columbia, praying in a pop tune. Coupland's seekers go off by themselves to No Places—cold, lifeless wilderness of American desert and forest sites that have been uncontested by past poets or media fillets. They prefer to start from scratch, building an entire religion out of personal hunches and emotion. Unfortunately, creating your own personal religion is a little harder than constructing a salad at Pizza Hut. Whether such a jerry-built approach can succeed is a question the book doesn't resolve. The message, out of the remarkable "In the Desert," for instance, promises driving as a form of "enforced meditation." On his way through the West to deliver an illegal shipment of steroids, he frantically hasn't thinking "that there might not actually be anything to believe in." The story is suffused with a mystery and quiet tragedy in the aftermath of a work.

At one point in this revelatory road trip, the narrator is given pause by the trouble of accumulating joy when he does believe, a task "made more difficult," he says, "because I had been raised without religion by parents who had broken with their own past and moved to the West Coast—who had raised their children clean of any ideology in a civilized modern house overlooking the Pacific Ocean—as the end of history, or so they had wanted to believe." A fair hint of irony gives this passage a whiff of irony, even as much as Coupland's fiction, but it really reads more like a hard-won confession of insignificance. No one escapes the issues of history, especially not a generation that was given everything but spiritual resources.

My Polyzones, please take note. ■

## BOOKS



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Julie Baumgold

# Marla Maples Takes Five

**O**n, on, love, my darling, I hunger for your touch." Could there be a whiter wedding? It's a wonderland house: a snow-blending, ice-frost dripping, with frosty fairy crystals and weeping willows made of white orchids and tuberoses, and Marla Maples is marrying Donald Trump in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel under the crystal chandelier.

In front of us, on Marla's side of the aisle, is a lineup of Delta Dancers with giant balloons of candy, mounted hair and big-shouldered beaded dresses—red, blue, green—the kinds of fancy things that grow wild in oceans and fields waiting for occasions. All the dresses have keyhole backs, which imply no brassieres, and all the women are sitting, real southern and straight as if they are being studied. "If I give my heart is soaring forth can love. If I take my dancing lessons and have good posture, I may grow up to marry Donald Trump in what these state, helpful backs say.

"They've all got great tits," says Renaldo Herrera, a Venezuelan immigrant, husband of Carolina—the designer of the wedding dress—a man who can no longer keep himself from speaking Spanish. But everyone is overcome. The candlelight blossoms off the aquinas, and the two bridesmaids and flower in anticipation as "Stranger in Paradise" plays to the crashing throng, and I wonder why I am here, taken yet again. "Do you know how disposable he is?" every Trump story begins, and the men who tell them sit behind desks as big as Trump's and there are as many plaques on the wall.

Marla Maples defines what feminine used to mean. Once, when Donald accidentally locked her out of their apartment in Atlantic City before a Playboy concert, she complained to me that she hadn't had "those extra five minutes that a woman really needs." It was here now.

"Sandra wants to know how long it will be," says Renaldo as "That Is My Beloved" is played. Sarah, who is English, is telling a story about Celine Dion and the Rolling Stones.

"But to give you a little, in languages Apart me, I'm not gay power," says Renaldo, looking over at the Trump side and

pointing out Trump's bankers, one of whom does indeed get thanked for the beautiful wedding. "Il n'y a pas du monde à New York ou on?" says Renaldo, "no gorgeous Miami Americans."

"Je n'ai rien à dire, I can't help it," says Renaldo, meaning that he has a weakness, as do we all, even those who know better. Many heads are bunched over, many pens are moving, and Lisa Smith is changing her position to see better.

"And her manners are exquisite. She went and thanked all the women who sewed the dress and posed for pictures with them. Beautiful manners, to thank the little people," says Renaldo.

"They're having a problem with the hair," says Carolina Herrera, entering the row. "Two of them are doing it. Braiding it and coloring it down." Carolina comes from the kind of world where you put your mother-in-law's emerald and diamond rings together for a pin because your hand is too small to wear such large stones. That is something you and your husband know even as little children—what is simple and nice and what is not.

"It must be the hair," I say, but Carolina shakes her head with the blond hair combed

back hard and sharp. There's a place for us as the Trumps come in—Mama, his sister, the federal judge, his other sister, the Robert Trumps, half covered from him with bad blood, his brother-in-law who investigates Indian casinos on the side. To the bride's side, because they are late, comes friend manager Dixon Boardman, who also has his hair combed back hard and sharp, and his wife, Pauline. She sits next to Carolina and they whisper.

Made of our hearts, the music commands us the trumpet, whose soft bridal carter is startled for the wedding of a man who is getting married to the mother of his fourth child because twenty-five people were gunned down on the Long Island Railroad and, boy, life is short and he's about to go public with his cancer. When a helicopter crashed in 1989, killing his three top executives, Trump decided to divorce Ivana. Death leads Trump to momentous decisions.

"Grandson on wedding," says Renaldo. "Marla's grandfather," say the [continued on page 173]



Not a wet eye in the house: Donald and Marla at their reception. And they said it wouldn't last.



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